

disc order

february | 2002

that heavy metal rag
from citrl 101.9 fm

three inches of blood

ready made

safety scissors + los cil

julie doiron

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bocephus king

time flies : dij kst ra, mull er, ma gna n ens i

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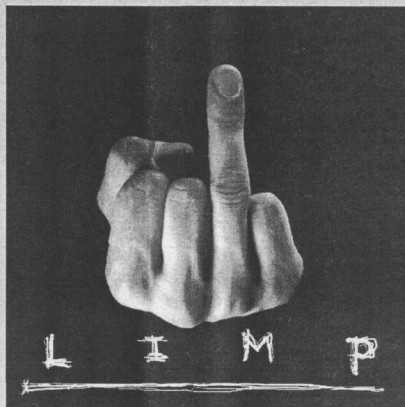
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Discorder

ISSUE 226 • FEBRUARY 2002 • THAT HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE FROM C.I.T.R. 101.9FM

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DISORDER

Cover

Three Inches of Blood massacred the competition at Shindig! 2001. I will remember the first time I saw them play. "Anyone here from East Van?!" they taunted the pumpered, University-educated audience. I thought that was kind of funny. I lived at Fraser St. once and it wasn't that different. Daniel Siey took this picture and he also designed this cover. Last minute tweaking by Lori K., the peanut gallery, and myself. Hail Satan!

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DEADLINES: Space deadline for the March issue is February 13th. Ad space is available until February 20th and can be booked by calling Steve at 604.822.3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc or in type. As always, English is preferred. Send e-mail to DISORDER at disorder@club.ams.ubc.ca.

From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, C.I.T.R. can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Shus in White Rock. Call the C.I.T.R. DJ line at 822.2487, our office at 822.3017 ext. 0, or our news and sports lines at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9364, e-mail us at: citrgr@mail.ams.ubc.ca, visit our web site at <http://www.ams.ubc.ca/media/citr> or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

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SONAR

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Events at a glance:

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 02

INSIDE Annual Review - PATRON PRIDE NIGHT w/ resident DJs DICKEY DOO & TODD OMOTANI, PLAN B in the lounge w/ CLARENCE & HIS SOUL/JAZZ CREW / 9 - 10 warm up w/ Franc Logik. Doors 9pm / Cover \$10

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 07

NEW DEAL (live Records USA) - LIVE presented by House of Blues Concerts "Improvvised Progressive Breakbeat House" by Canadian trio. www.thenewdeal.ca Doors 9pm / Advance tickets \$13.50 @ Bassix, Highlife, Zulu

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 09

Sonar & House of Venus present **MAT STE-MARIE** (BBCM, Stereo Bar - MTRL) @ **INSIDE** The man who threw the roof off last September steps back inside to do it again. Doors 9pm / Cover TBA

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 13

GMAN & RIZK present **STARTIME SOUND CREW feat. DJ FRESH & MC BABY J @ GRANDE** Plus NORE's newest - "Grimey" CD Release Party Doors 9pm / Cover \$6

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 14

HEART ATTACK - an Aggressive Promotions presentation: Hip Hop.Funk.Soul.Jazz Sweet nothin's and melodies on Valentine's Day...2 Rooms / 5 MCs / 5 DJs - Mad giveaways Doors 9pm / Cover \$7

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 17

SUNDAY SESSIONS presented by Boomtown Records and Neurofunk.com Resident DJs SILENCE, WOOD, & LINK diving the best in drum'n'bass Doors 8:30pm / Cover \$5

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 22

SWITCH with Legendary Friday Resident, VINYL RITCHIE and guest sidekick DJ. Putting the F.U.N. back in FUNKI Stoopid prices on stellar drinks. Doors 9pm / Cover \$8

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 28

CHRISTOPHER LAWRENCE (Moonshine/Hook, U.K./ Giant) presented by PH1.ca [Tactical] The American Trance and Progressive Legend - 'around the world' CD release world tour. Doors 9pm / Advance tickets \$14 @ Bassix, Boomtown, Futuristic Flavour, Hypnotik, Obstruction

THURSDAY MARCH 07

VMAS w/ Soufly, Soolistah, and The Downtown Eastside Women's Centre present **SISTAHOOD** 2nd annual celebration featuring an evening of spoken word and hip hop by local female talent. Doors 9pm / Advance tickets \$10 @ Bassix, Highlife, Zulu / \$12 @ door

MONDAY MARCH 11

2Guerilla presents **MR. SCRUFF** (Ninja Tune / Grand Central) "Once again, back is the incredible..." You better know. www.mrscruff.com Doors 9pm / Adv. tickets \$14 @ Bassix, Boomtown, Futuristic Flavour, Zulu, Sonar (no s/c)

coming soon...

TUESDAY APR 2 - **FILA BRAZILLIA** (23 Records, formerly of Park Recordings)

THURSDAY APR 4 - **MARK RAE** (Rae & Christian, Grand Central)

MONDAY: CLOSED

WEDNESDAY:

GRANDE: R&B, REGGAE, HIPHOP

THURSDAY - WEEKLY ROTATION

SPECIAL EVENTS

FRIDAY (6-9) - **THE BIG SHMOOZE**

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dear airhead

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INDIE ROCKER LASHES BACK

Dear Airhead,

The following Discorder writers suck: Christa Min.

Angus,
Vancouver

Finally, —Christa Min

WHERE'S MY HAPPINESS?

Dear Airhead,

Hi I was just wondering what happened to that column "Happiness" by Miyu. I thoroughly enjoyed it and I miss it lots and I was wondering if the author stopped altogether or if you know of anywhere I would still be able to find it.

Thanks!
Kat

We don't really know what happened to that column. It ended when Miyu stopped writing it. She "realized that it was really bad." —Ed.

BLOWIN' UP MACHIDA PREFECTURE

Dear Discorder Magazine,

I would like you to send me a copy from February. I am sending a cheque for subscription. I am looking forward to read it again.

Top Ten live shows of 2001

1. Tanya Tagaq Callis
2. Geoff Berner
3. Jeff Tweedy
4. Scrap
5. The Weakerthans
6. Jerk with a Bomb
7. Rheostatics
8. Bitch and Animal
9. Rich Hope
10. Carmaig de Forest

Thank you!!

Michie Kuni,
Tokyo

LOOK UP:

If you've been paying attention at all, you may notice that this month

Discorder looks a little bit different. These strangely out-of-place chemistry headers that have been sitting on top of our columns for a year or so have been officially consigned to the trash heap of history. These new headers were designed by Jack Duckworth, who despite his busy schedule of (paid) design work, touring with Radio Berlin and A Luna Red, and DJing all over the place, was kind enough to put in some unpaid labour for the

Jack •



spoiled jerks over here. If you want to hire him to make YOUR publication as attractive as ours, check out www.theduckworth.com. The new headers are in the experimental stage right now. There wasn't enough time to customize them for each specific column, so the hand-written missives are a temporary measure. Let us know what you think (but be nice). •

fucking bullshit

by Christa Min

I am well near perfect. That's a fact, just like it's true that I have black hair. The only difference is that I don't talk too much about my black hair. Half of the population has black hair. There's nothing special about it. It's pretty obvious what colour my hair is, so I shouldn't really

TOAD THE WET SPROCKET'S music. I wrote out some lyrics on a piece of paper in my beautiful cursive writing, which was perfect, even back then, put it in an envelope, skateboarded to Rocky's house, and stuck the envelope under the windshield wiper of his tomato red 1-ROC. That was a horrible thing to do.

me that his father died when he was 17. The first and only thing I said was "That was a long time ago." THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO. What the FUCK. So I have this indent on the right side of my forehead. It's from punching myself in the head. It's an ancient method that I created a few days ago.

My beauty is UNPARALLELED.

have to mention it. I guess my perfection is loud and clear too, so I'll try not to say anything about it again.

Okay, okay, I'm not perfect. I have this allergy problem, so I can't really breathe properly, and my skin is eternally itchy. My ears, although they are very cute, are different sizes.

I will admit that at one time TOAD THE WET SPROCKET was my favourite band. I just felt so connected to their meaningful lyrics. So much so that when my friend Rocky's father suddenly died, I decided that I could heal Rocky's grief by sharing with him the depths of

Maybe not as horrible as the time when I poked my friend Mike in the cheek with my index finger because he looked a little green. We were 13, and I was trying to change the colour of his complexion, I said, "What's the matter? Are you dying?" He died a few months later from the big C. That stands for Cancer, not me.

Cancer killed one of my good mother's two sisters some years ago. I remember it, but when my good old woman said that her sister was coming here for Christmas, I said, "Which one?" How about the time when a 31-year-old gentleman told

The goal is to disturb the words in my mind, shake them around like dice so that they might fall in the right order. That's my only other physical defect, that self-inflicted dent. Otherwise, my beauty is UNPARALLELED. And all that stuff I said about dead people, THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO. It'll never happen again. I only decided to share it with you, so you could treat me like a normal person. I was trying to relate to YOU. Don't be fooled by outward perfection. I'm just like you. (Except I'm way better looking. Oh, and what the fuck, 10 times smarter.) •

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culture shock

by Anthony Monday

This is about the language of loneliness. A semiotics of ache. This is the language of a vicious winter.

I cannot write: my words have all been stolen by the lyrics of obsolete songs. I have tried to use a body tongue, but it too moves to a rhythm I cannot call my own. So instead I turn the music up loud and let it speak to me.

I always thought I would summon my lovers with song—some overly poetic idea of fate that would come to an unexpected crum in a shopping line, or a dark movie hall, or at the school darkroom, hunched over a light-table examining the scratched negatives of friends now gone.

I always thought I would sing a line from a song and my future lover would be the one who completed the next line. It hasn't yet happened, nor do I think it ever will. But this does not stop me from speaking out a line or two in the most inappropriate places. Like swallowing a swarm of bees, the sounds come out of my mouth with both a sense of frustrated des-

peration and sharpness. And, as if a million moth wings were left on the tongues of beautiful men, no one responds with any-

are too strong in the eddies and currents of our city streets. These dreams are like the leaves that whip up in the winter

look back at us, and when the bus departs, it drags a trail of orange leaves and the vicious wind. When we walk home, we are cold. Our houses look gray, darker than we remember them.

My house is dark. This is not some poetic thought hidden inside the belly of a frank statement. No. It is merely fact. Whenever I get home, even when there is a sort of sun, I have to turn on lights just to see

the cold and rain merely compound the secret stockpiles of loneliness we all keep in the basements of our chests. We keep them hidden up like hoarded food, or something rotting, forgotten in a damp cellar. The cold only makes the stench ranker. This is not to say I have a smelly house. No; it is dark, true, but the smells are nothing out of the ordinary.

I climbed out onto the roof of my house to see if the dark-

and light up the photographs of friends and lovers. But, as I climbed back inside, careful not to disrupt the damp green moss with my knee, it was just as dark inside as before.

I have been noticing it gets darker earlier than I remember. Granted, I have been living in a desert for more than half of the past 365 days. The white-hot glare of my knee, it was still a recent memory, and I perhaps continue to expect that sort of light. I still look for my sunglasses when leaving the house... some habits are not easy to break.

A habit like loneliness. A repeated motion that is easier to practice, especially in the dark of winter and our empty houses. A habit so comforting in its familiarity, we perhaps would rather the demon we know, than the handsome stranger we don't, even if he did not know all the endings to every song you tested him with. In the end, these misquoted and misheard lyrics mean nothing, nothing next to the bright house where you lie next to a man with soft hair and deep ocean iceberg eyes. The house that glows, warm and comforting.

What I mean is this: misquoted lyrics are to be forgiven. Otherwise, the house stays dark and the bed stays cold and empty, covered with a winter's chill and a thin layer of cold dead leaves. •

kill your boyfriend

by Robin

I'm in love. No, really. There's this guy and when I see his art my heart starts to beat faster. My legs go all wobbly and my stomach rolls around. His name is Ashley Wood. This guy, he's everywhere. His art is sneaky. And he's done a lot of it over the years. These days you can find his scribble-scrabble on the pages of *Hellblazer*. Ignore it because his own offerings are diverse, and soon to be plentiful.

Firstly, I recommend *UNO FANTA*. It's his art book. You'll get a feel for the man and see some things that he doesn't draw often enough: robots, cats and babes. Using simple line work, he expresses bombastic pleasure. It is explosive. Sepia tones allude to orange crates and root beer watercolour. Glossy, big, and hardcovered, *Uno Fanta* is a luxury item, a gorgeous, beautiful book that will give you shivers. On one page is a mass of scribbles that

slowly morph into a picture of a man with a gun. There's fury in these strokes. At the same time, some of his pictures are barely a whisper, a suggestion, or a shocking contrast: pure whites on dirty blacks and greys. Much variety, too. There is so much to look at: portraits, sexy things, UFOs, robots and people, people, people. Some of the people are characters of his own creation. How I long to see these characters with their own comics. With brief blurbs about their background Wood has whet my appetite for more. Influenced by Dave McKean and Bill Sienkiewicz, but still with a voice all his own, Wood and his art are here to stay.

But that's not all. Recently, I found a two page story in the *911 EMERGENCY RELIEF* book. So sparse and grey. Simple and to the point, it was realistic and harsh. I suppose that's why we see Wood busting hump on *Sam & Twitch* and

other such comics. He thrives in the darkness of real life, and still manages to be a little dreamy too. The panel placement is hard to ignore and he challenges you with his line work. It's almost Zen.

Currently, he is working on some of the *X-Men* comics. He just did the *Uncanny X-Men* annual, and it was marvelous. I kept looking at it, wondering what hardcore readers thought of it. I was smitten. Even his superhero comics make me drool. I porel over those pages so much that the reading became secondary to the art. Don't get me wrong: Joe Casey writes an interesting story about designer mutant drugs, but it is Wood's art that makes the comic difficult to put down. It's disgusting. I know, but Marvel just amazes me these days. Sigh... it has to be love.

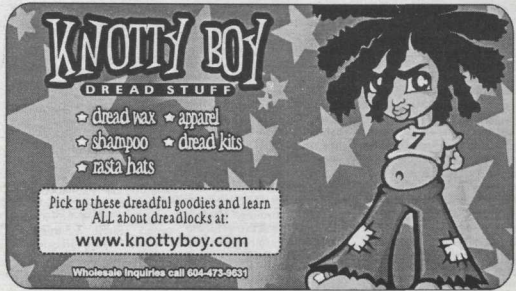
I know I'm committing a mega sin (or at least I feel that way) promoting Marvel—like

they even need promotion—but some of the work they're doing these days is just great. Like *DAREDEVIL: YELLOW*. God, how I loved that comic. The writer, Jeph Loeb, is probably one of the most gifted talents in comics today. His writing is sharp, concise, and to the point. In his previous work there is a major theme distracting from the meat of the writing, but *Daredevil: Yellow* is pure, amazing character development. It's a very human comic. Every issue blew me away. Loeb writes beautiful things without being as flowery, sappy, or corny as a superhero. It's the origin story of Daredevil—which I guess a lot of you have

read, but I hadn't and Loeb's take was perfect. I also like the way that it takes place before all that Elektra stuff. Now the art—man, the art could not complement the writing more. Tim Sale and Jeph Loeb have worked together on about four other projects (most notably *Batman: Long Halloween*), and they're probably the best team doing comics today. Sale's artwork is fine, delicate and sophisticated. Reminiscent, stylistically, of *Batman: The Animated Series*, Sale's work is also expressive and big. Kind of makes one think of Norman Rockwell. One of my favourite panels is of Daredevil catching the Owl. It spans over two pages—slash

after splash of red, ensnaring an obviously startled and already caught Owl. The art makes it an exciting, action-packed read. Each time I read an issue of that five issue mini-series, I shake my head and sigh—out loud: "Wow. I'm not kidding."

Back to Ashley Wood: he has his own series coming out called *POPBOT*. It's apparently an experiment in absurdism, which at some point will be written by Sam Keith, the creator of *Martu*. I think it's an appropriate pairing—though it would be more fun if they were both illustrating it. So keep your eyes peeled for Wood and some of the stuff Marvel is doing. You may be pleasantly surprised. •



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over my suffer

by Doretta

I am afraid. We are entering a dark period in British Columbia and I don't quite have the words to articulate my fear. I can point at the attacks on the World Trade Center and say "this is an act of violence and innocent people have suffered or are suffering," and the majority of people would agree with me. There are powerful visuals to back my statement and the violent attack had immediate consequences. If I point to Premier Gordon Campbell's reverse Robin Hood tactics (stealing from the poor to give to the rich) and say "this is an act of violence and innocent people have suffered, are suffering, or will suffer," I may encounter opposition. For every person, like myself, who critiques the current political climate with the language of apocalyptic metaphor (i.e. Campbell's government is the plague that is causing BC citizens to drop dead in the streets), there is someone thanking Campbell for his crack down on the province's poor. Every day I wake up feel-

ing like a high school drama queen; every political decision the BC government delivers has tragic overtones. Each cutback results in more hungry children, more men and women facing unemployment and the possibility of homelessness. I've regressed to thinking about the

equation. Being prudent about expenditures is a responsible measure, but being prudent about expenditures at the expense of single mothers on welfare, senior citizens with limited funds, and civil servants who have devoted their careers to public service, is—in polite

OUT OF DESOLATION AND MISUNDERSTANDING. GREY EXUDES A QUIET HOPEFULNESS.

issues in abstract terms: good versus evil, right versus wrong. I don't have any answers or any constructive plans to put into action of my opinion. In the heart of my problem with the cutbacks and the government's desire to stimulate the economy through tax breaks for big corporations is that the BC Liberals are failing to see the human factor in their budget balancing

terms—an oversight. The government's decision to replace our social safety net with social Darwinism lacks compassion. Did Campbell and the other 76 Liberals miss the day of kindergarten where the lesson was about sharing? I'm about to descend into a full scale rant, so I'll move onto the discussion of books.

TAMMY ARMSTRONG
Bogman's Music
(Anvil Press)
After six years of university, studying both the theory and practice of literature, I can pinpoint the single thing—quality

of language aside—that determines the fundamental difference between a good poem and a bad poem. A good poem is rich in specific detail and a bad poem is full of abstractions. By this simple criteria, I'm happy to report that Tammy Armstrong's debut book of poetry is excellent. Her poems are lush in content, but controlled in form; each line of her book sings because there are no

with deft word choice and underlying presence of alcohol on the poet's portrait documenting the climate of declining personal fortunes. This use of landscape as metaphor for interpersonal breakdown due to problems of communication is best exemplified by the closing lines of Armstrong's poem "Asleep in Palm Desert": "Splinter fingers raised—they waited beyond the porch light to pinion our tongues—the heart of our crumbling landscape."

JUDY MACDONALD
Grey
(Arsenal Pulp Press)

Judy MacDonald's follow up to her novel *Janis* is called *Grey* and subtitled "Stories for Crown-ups." *Grey* is a number of thematically connected short stories that build from childhood (the first story comes across as a first memory, and the second story is about breast-feeding, high school life, first love, to retirement and old age. All the stories contain a character who experiences some sort of alienation, whether it be a disconnection to one's parents, the inability to communicate with a significant other, or loneliness felt at the loss of a life partner. Some of the stories are short, some are long. All are

spare and skillfully crafted. The shorter stories initially frustrated me but the story "MacDonald writes in the last line of 'Target Equals Blank': "Their story really starts once they get in the door." Many of the shorter stories end with a character just entering what I thought was the moment the story was supposed to catch up in the world of the stories that some endings seemed abrupt.

In the larger scope of the work, *Grey* delivers thematic punch; the smaller stories do connect together to ignite the collection. At the conclusion of the collection, I reached an understanding of the shorter pieces and my frustration dissipated. "Boysgirl-happy" is a beautiful story where the characters get past alienation and find the answers within themselves and each other. In the story "Award Winning," there is a perfect sentence that encapsulates what many of MacDonald's characters feel: "Drunk on humiliation."

Out of desolation and misunderstanding, *Grey* exudes a quiet hopefulness. I'm going to meditate on this positive quality and try to make sense of my world. *

Judy MacDonald reads with Ashok Mathur (The Short, Happy Life of Harry Kumar) on Wednesday February 20, 7-9pm, at the Sugar Refinery, 1115 Granville Street.



BOOKS FOR DISCUSSION BY JUDY MACDONALD

extraneous words holding back the flow of each poem. Many of the poems have a first person narrator, evoking an immediate intimacy. The recurring motifs of troubled family relationships, shifting landscapes described

through Ben Neville). These folks—unlike Deepen—are not so much influenced by tech-house as they are by the sounds of Germany, San Francisco, and Detroit—with a healthy dose of minimalism, dub, and jazz. It's what it is regularly releases tracks from Canada's Eastern artists such as Mike Shannon and Bondense as part of its "East Meets West" series with remixes from John Tejada and Ricardo Villalobos (word is that Perlon's JP also wants to get in on the action). Not to mention the DrumComputer releases which are a combination between Dietrich Schoenemann and experimental not Taylor Deupree of 12k fame. That's some serious musical movement. Spackling of Dietrich: Quietly pushing its own tradition of addition is Sinsoidal, aka Si. This label is usually overlooked due to its experimental urges and underground stature, but it has hands down put out some of the best Vancouver material, including Un Jin's *Rainjacket* album.

Avatars and Art
Net-art has always been a nebulous thing—a real trip-out of some sort, encompassing either Joshua Davis Flash beauty or Jodi.org malfunction madness—but what about galleries on the Net? Or hosting a gallery exhibition primarily on the Net? The standards which are a permanent "gallery" of net-art has been set by Rhizome.org, whose "Artbase"—funded by the Whitney in NYC—is a meticulous curation of the best in net-art, cross-referencing all works by keywords and attempting to deal with the evolution of technology by maintaining the work in a form that net-users 30 years from now will be able to view and hear. This is no small feat and poses unique challenges to an online curator—how does one make art viewable that was created using obsolete versions of software and hardware? In any case, turn to Rhizome.org. On an entirely different plane, the Grunt Gallery and the 536 Arts Society are hosting an "Avatar" Video Show on April 4. Avatars are completely immersive (and usually 3D) online community environments where users can create their own characters, build houses, cities, shopping

malls, art galleries, and whatever and talk in real time to other avatars. Why pay for long distance telephone calls when you can meet your Finnish friend and talk real-time in his online chat? 536 and the Grunt will be using the avatar software "OnLive Traveller" to experience the avatar talents. And any quick scan of online art would be out of place if the CBC's under-promoted 120Seconds.com did not get due mention. This venerable sideshow of CBC Freaks (quite possibly the only place where the majority of net-artists are showcased) are pushing all sorts of boundaries by curating freelance net-journalism and net-art experiments, from interactive Afghanistan coverage to videopoems and tactical media. On September 11. These kids should be given a bigger budget—along with the rest of the "Radio 3" branch they are a part of, including newscasts, radio, and just-concerts.com, which feature Canadian artists and live performances, respectively. Thirty years ago Hunter S. Thompson said that the future of New Journalism would be in video and tapes; this has now come to be in the online world, and it is time to support these outlets for free expression. In the meantime, if you're looking to check out Sutekh and Safety Scissors at the Video-In on Feb. 9. Info at www.shramtribe.com.

Until The End Of Empire •

on pararticon

by Tobias

If there is no longer a place that can be recognized as outside, we must be against in reality place. The will to be against really needs a body that is completely incapable of submitting to command. It needs a body that is incapable of adapting to family life, to factory discipline, to the regulations of a traditional sex life—Michael Hardt and Antonio Negri, *Empire*

Always Against Herr Campbell & the Pasty Liberals
Discussing the recent death cuts with a businessman makes it all sound so rosy—it's just the bells rightening. Alberta had to do it, so Ontario rape the poor, destroy organized labour, infantilize the public, enslave the population to the cold hard "reality" of the Dollar. This is what the "economists" recommend, and when you try to argue on humane grounds against these murderous policies—well that's "politics" and not "fiscal reality." But what the businessman fails to tell you is that the policies come from the Fraser Institute, and that there is a far more HUMAN model from the Canadian

Centre for Policy Alternatives. What the businessman blatantly ignores is the death, the despair, and the depression these cutbacks will bring. The mess is incomparable, and the Liberal's response is, "Well, that's what we need to do." Like hell, and how long will that take? Five years? Ten? Fifty? The capital machine will fight this tooth and nail until the end, providing years of unemployment, poverty, and downright starvation to all those caught in the Empire policies of global feudalism. Why? Because it makes good "business sense." I mean look, it won't go all the way. Herr Campbell! Let's get the hell out of this lame nation called Canada and join the States, where we can whip out the Drug War—hell, a DEA office is on the way anyway—and set up "work camps" for the newly unemployed (with showers), aka all El, Worker's Comp, and Medicare. Then we can set BC's Best Export back to the newly revamped East End ghettos and arrest the users, setting up our own prison-industrial system... Fuck—Why Not?

Vancouver's Black Crack
The vinyl addition is the sweetest of them all. There is a perverse desire in stroking the smooth grooves of a fresh disc, and Vancouver is no stranger to the wax festivism, with several new labels launching their first releases. Witness Vernon's *Deepen* label, which is now on its second release of tech-house by *Jay Trippire*. Taking its cue from the sounds of the UK and snatching a sample of DJ Leanne belting out "Just Wavin'" *Trippire* entrusts a smoothly percussive and vocal-filtered tech-house sound. The first release shows promise with flashes of beauty from *Elan Bencher*, whose "One Time Slaggerd" tips the hat to *Gavin Froom*—and Vancouver's deep house heritage, with a deep acid groove from *Trippire* and a jacking techno track from *Primordial Nature*, aka *Noah Boudidit*, to boot. Continuing to make the biggest waves, and for a damn good reason, is *Spencer's Victoria* label *itswhatitis*, which has pressed brilliant releases from *Matt Johnson* and *Steb Sty* (with an upcoming



7 inch

Ahhh... February. Shortest month of the year, but for some strange reason it takes friggin' forever to get through. So to make the days pretend to move faster, I've decided to declare myself mayor of Purge City. Out with the old, in with the new, as they say. Thank goodness for



new tuneage, and a surprisingly good batch at the time. Ironically, tho', we begin with a nod to the roots, "keeping it real, like Rita MacNeil" as the kids would say.

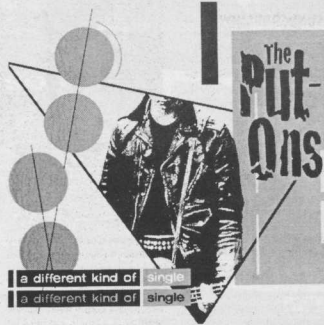
Now JERRY MCCAIN AND HIS UPSTARTS are about as old skool as they come with both songs represented on

this Norton Records 45 "Geronimo Rock And Roll"/"Choo Choo Rock" sounding like they were recorded in some dilapidated shack, one mic hanging from the roof, the air ripe with the smell of moonshine and cigarettes—crude but effective in demonstrating what rhythm and blues meant to rock in 1955! One in a series of five jukebox jewels, collect 'em all! (Norton Records, PO Box 446, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276-0646 USA)

Soul music also had its impact on rock and roll (or vice versa depending upon which side of the fence you sit), and THE HARD FEELINGS pay homage to two of its unsung heroes on their latest waxing. A punked-up romp through Nathaniel Mayer's "Leave Me Alone" (also the genius behind the oft-covered "Village Of Love"), sees the three-piece tear up the dance floor, reminiscent of The Oblivians' best stuff, and the flip, a tearjerker from Solomon Burke has some fuzz-filled guitar strut to help you catch your breath after

wards. (Gearhead Records, PO Box 42129, San Francisco, CA 94142 USA)

Pick of the litter this go-round is a split release that has actually been out for almost two years, but only somehow managed to hit the shelves until a few weeks ago. I guess



a different kind of single
a different kind of single

that's small labels for ya—can't guarantee speedy delivery. But what it does deliver is some damn fine garage grooves from THE FORTY-FIVES (out of Atlanta, GA), with the sure-fire hit "My Kind Of Girl," a mover 'n' shaker of stellar proportions, and a boss rendition of The Benders' '60s nugget "Can't Tame Me" as performed by THE EVERYDAY SINNERS (from Missoula, Montana). Indeed, as the Sinners plow through this bluesy beat number, you can't help but feel the immediate need to put the pedal down and go, baby, go! (Corn Daddy Records, no

address given.)

A different kind of single (both figuratively and literally) from THE PUT-ONS offers a nod to English power-pop (the Buzzcocks references are rampant), but my first reaction was how closely they sounded like Victoria's debut *Bum*, particularly on the first cut, "Wonderful Man." The other three are rough-around-the-edges, yet catchy, mid-tempo numbers of which the Garden City crew would have been all too proud. (Unity Squad Records, PO Box 1235 Huntington Beach, CA 92647 USA)

Imagine my surprise as my girlfriend yanked this next gem from outta the bins, and as we both stared at the folks on the cover, we concluded that it undoubtedly takes a considerable amount of courage to look like Sweet as we enter the year 2002. But for TEACHER'S PET from San Diego, it might as well be 1975: these guys and gal have the gift of glam on their three song 7": "Jenny Super Teen," "Tom 'n' Jerry," and "You're Too Young," are chock full of sprightly vocals, handclaps and snazzy band outfits! (Flapping Lit Records, 3639 Midway Drive #271, San Diego, CA 92110 USA)

Got to give credit to THE CLASS ASSASSINS for being able to punk up a hippie protest song ("One Tin Soldier"), but the better song is the original

"No Justice, No Peace," a gritty, snarling, politically charged number that pulls no punches. Riot music for riot people. (Insurance Records, 2 Bloor St. W. #100-184, Toronto, ON M4W 3E2)



And finally, ladies and gentlemen, I give you SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS. Now these guys have aged well, it appears on their newest offering, and for long time fans of this legendary punk rock combo, age belies trading in their spikes and studs for shades and neckerchiefs, but also a steadier hand at writing swaggering anthems to late night carousing on "Saturday Night 'Til Sunday Morning." The B-side is just as right, an average run through The Kasenetz-Katz Super Circus' (gotta love that band name!) "Quick Jey Small," but small potatoes, my dear readers. As they say in the Valley, "I'm outta!" •

strut, fret, and flicker



by Penelope Mulligan

THE FOURTH ANNUAL VANCOUVER UNDERGROUND FILM FESTIVAL. SEE ME, FEEL ME November 25, 2001

The *Blinding Light!* November feels like a white back, I know, but with *DISORDER'S* annual hiatus and all, there were some worthy events from late autumn that didn't get covered. So for the first column of the new year, I'm reaching into the bleeding, knackered corpse of 2001 to fish one of them out.

Some fairly savvy curation went into programming the vast number of short films and videos on offer at this past fest. Not counting those screenings devoted to a single filmmaker, there were no fewer than 39 works that came in at 10 minutes or under. These were grouped into clusters whose screenings bore names obliquely referring to the territory that the films seemed to share.

This night in particular, felt like a kind of thematic cinematic cabaret, in which each little film had the chance to stand as a fully realized piece of screen art. Perhaps it was my hangover from the LIVE biennial which was leading to a close at the time,

but a strong performance flavour came through in many of the works collected under the programme title *see me, feel me*.

thing was strangely exhilarating. Equally physical, but in a very different way, was Erika Lincoln's *The Cannery*. It both fascinated



FROM SEX AND SADNESS BY BRIAN MACDONALD

One of the standouts was Emma W. Howes' *Kitchen Dances*, in which a woman moved claustrophobically beneath a kitchen counter. As her manoeuvres became more overtly skilled, her restless frustration seemed all the more perverse. The strong, velvety blues song on the soundtrack was in perfect counterpoint and felt like it could have been coming from a radio just out of shot. The whole

and repelled. A woman's body, all flattened and smeared inside a tight suit of transparent plastic seemed to leak body fluids as the suit filled and overflowed with water.

Nature provided the set design in Clancy Dennehy's *Path*, as two Kokoro dancers bawled naked toward each other like lizards about to fight or mate. The final, unexpected shot of them leaving tracks in the sand

as they slithered toward the sea was amazing. This was an intimate and accomplished piece of work.

Amey Kaznerchuk's *Finding the Truth in Difficult Times* kept resonating long after the screening was over. It featured a heterosexual couple fucking on a bed. The woman, however, was rivetted by a rape scene playing on television. The brutality of the sex on the telly was in jarring contrast to the gentle, consensual coupling happening in front

and like a "foreign" tongue, had to be subtitled.

The latter two films occurred early in the programme and were hard acts to follow, but karaoke man Roy Dayton can be quite the palate cleanser. In Jacob Gleeson's *Shakedown*, he belted out an earnest rendition of "St. Elmo's Fire" while a dignified old drunk in the foreground studiously ignored him. The static camera gave it all a low-rent verité quality. The other performance documentary was Flick

and indie video scenes and their collaboration on *Because I'm Fascinating* was the biggest giggle and shriek of the evening. As we watched their upside down heads engaged in one of those silly but crucial relationship conversations, our visual orientation was locked alimbos. Oddly enough, this made what they were saying come through all the more fresh and clear.

A few of the films, while admirably executed and interesting as ideas, didn't really squeeze me. Chris McCarroll's endlessly repeated sequence of a woman pacing across a room in *A Single Yesterday* did convey "internal struggle," but the point remained cerebral and was made in the first three or four takes. The rest was fingerlings on chalkboard. Evan Tapper's study of a street artist and his chatty subjects made such frenetic use of fast-forward in *Fleeting Intimacy* that form was interfering with content. The opposite felt true for Brad Potts's *Omnicis*. Two separate 16mm educational films were projected simultaneously and blended in a live edit. Filmmakers in the audience were mightily impressed, but I couldn't help wondering if it might be better to do this with more interesting films.

Thanks to festival director Alex MacKenzie for orchestrating what he called "four days of insanity" and for lubricating the last night of the VUFF with free beer and port for everyone at the post-screening minglet! •

FROM KITCHEN DANCES BY EMMA W. HOWES

of it—and in an insidious way, tainted it. The rape scene looked like it was a clip from *Boys Don't Cry*. If so, it was an interestingly layered choice. Another keeper was Brian MacDonald's *Sex and Sadness*. Deceptively simple-looking, its power built relentlessly as it recorded a young woman reciting her absurdly dire resume of sexual and familial relationships. Putting an odd spin on things was the fact that her voice track was reversed,

Harrison's *Kunk*, which could have kept us entertained at twice its length. Tracking the epicurean cabaret croaker whose act blends old-fashioned burlesque with Betty Crocker, its dead funniest moments actually occurred offstage. Harrison's camera knew just where to be and he nudged things into place with some implied editing.

Kim Dawn and Scott Russell have been popping up a lot lately on the local performance art

radio free press

by Bleek

A fairly productive couple of months in zine collection and production make writing this column easier than it should be. Old friends are back to zine creating, and I'm looking forward to seeing the outcome. Regulars are back with new issues and many of the big, glossy faves have returned with some of the best reading in months. However, after just finishing up another issue of *Speck*, sitting down to type anything more feels like too much work.

A recent show at UBC featuring Dub Narcotic Sound System, The Evaporators, Operation Makeout, and The Gobblins presented a nice little zine gathering thanks to organizers Duncan McHugh and Sara Young. An Abbotsford delegation was there with some of their very welcome, DIY-oriented productions. As always, "necessity is the mother of invention" and these somewhat rural kids are not letting smiling repression get in the way of good old punk enthusiasm.

From what I can tell, the flagship of this fine Abbotsford group seems to be an ambi-

tious and generously loaded punk zine named *BULLSHEET*. A strong focus on (what passes for) punk rock and the somehow inevitable ties to skateboarding is presented here—as in many small-town zines. Does owning a skateboard in a small town make you punk by default? I often wonder, though not for too long. So I read the interviews with pro skaters and bands like The Dingees, Five Iron Frenzy, Thriftshop Junkies, The Evaporators, etc. Undoubtedly *Bullsheets*, with its zine and music articles and reviews and DIY flavour, is these bored youths' most valuable asset in an area where bands like Limp Bizkit are seen as dangerous. (Ryan Dyck, 2846 Evergreen St., Abbotsford, BC V2T 2S1)

Science is working miraculously these days in the field of reawakening brain cells in people who once had little or no hope. Take the author of *THE HERMIT* for instance: here's a guy in Abbotsford that admits to faith in that misunderstood socialist (my words), Jesus Christ. The author promises not to bring his faith up too much, but it is a recurring

theme throughout. In this case religion is not at odds with the rest of us, but *The Hermit's* author is rightly critical of the religious elite. There are good thoughts in this zine, which appear in questions to the interviewed bands like Pedro the Lion, Grade (who get raked over the coals for being a bit wishy-washy), and—subject of the film *American Movie*—Mark Borchardt. I wish all Christians were this open-minded and accepting. The world would be a nicer place. Maybe fewer bombs would be dropped, ya know? (Josiah, 3525 Selkirk Ave., Abbotsford, BC V3G 1A5)

Another zine on the Abbotsford table was the fairly stylish, somewhat mysterious *CBZ*. The editor admits to being more interested in pictures and layout than type and, sure enough, the layout is pretty creative, even after the photocopier got through its dulling magic. The textiest bit is an article on changing musical tastes and discovering that new and different genres aren't so bad. I really like the sign post poetry section, all artfully laid-out and highlighting the

profundity of mere city signs like "PRIVATE. PROPERTY. NO TRIPPING. SKATEBOARDS, BICYCLES, ROLLER SKATES, NOT PERMITTED. NO SOLICITING. -UNKNOWN" Another article looks at the idiosyncrasy of people who feel the need to fight others. A thin zine, but a nice effort with potential.

<reeceea@hotmail.com>

I remember a joke by some



punk band I read in a magazine: "How many riot grrrls does it take to screw in a light bulb? Four. One to screw it in and three to write a zine about it." It was with this in mind that I read *PRAGMATISM BE DAMNED*, a small, grrl perzine (personal zine) of a type that I

haven't seen in a very long time. In fact the look and subject matter of this little perzine almost had me convinced that I was reading a very good parody of those 1995 high school girl zines where there was a dime a dozen back in the day. But damn was it a fun read. A guilty pleasure. Remember all those revealing stories about crushes, getting too drunk, falling in and out of love, pet peeves, weirdo teachers and the whole youth experience? Well friends, if it ever left us it's now back in *PBD*. The address is in Medicine Hat, but the editor who gave me these is now living in Vancouver. (Rickey Owens, 230 2nd St. NW, Medicine Hat, AB T1A 6S5)

The Sugar Refinery was the venue for long-time zinester/filmmaker Bill Brown's *Saugus to the Sea* book launch. *Pop Boffin* editor Kris Rothstein has crossed over to the position of publisher and there was on hand with *Saugus to the Sea* illustrator Brad Young of *Stay As You Are*. Bill could not make it, and Brad filled in as moderator and read portions of the book. Bill managed to send over a video of himself riding a bicycle through Chicago while reading from the book. Strange man.

Among the respectable-sized crowd of beautiful Vancouver people was smiling Robin Bougie with the new warm-off-the-press issue of *CINEMA SEWER*. This one

(#8) is bigger and perhaps more compelling than others with the fairly comprehensive look at weird Japanese TV, '70s soundtracks, anti-baby fun, and asshole extraordinaire Marc Wallace, a porn star who converted to his HIV status and infected "at least six other female triple X stars." I mean this is *only* a portion of what is in this great, great local zine!

All this on the same night I got back *Speck* #9 from the printer, argh. Here's the question: where is the best place to get copies made? Got an answer? Let us all know. Retailers with the best price will be announced so speak up.

February 22 is the early bird date for the *Word on the Street* festival this year. Book, magazine and zine people should sign up soon for their spot at the "celebration of reading" which happens September 29. Zines and comics will once again be spirited away downstairs ("Word Under the Street") where they can do limited psychological damage. Registration, this time, evidently requires three sample copies of your publication (zines and comics only) to ensure that your right of free press is properly monitored. A range from \$10 (half table) to \$35 (full) is required (i.e., you might just break even). To get a registration and stuff, contact #107-100 W. Pender St., Vancouver, BC V6B 1R8. *

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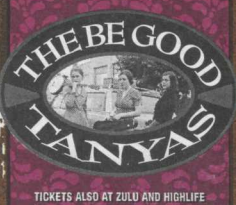
Friday, February 1	Ford Pier
Saturday, February 2	Graham Brown and the Prairie Dogs
Sunday, February 3	Bandcover Sunday w/ Robyn Carrigan and Scott Smith of Bottleneck
Tuesday, February 5	Exile on Main street w/ Amy Honey
Thursday, February 7	Kevin Kane w/ Mac Pontine
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Monday, February 11	T. Paul Ste. Marie presents Cass King, Johnny Wisdom, Hoelle Pion, and Noah Walker
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Friday, February 15	Coal
Saturday, February 16	TBA
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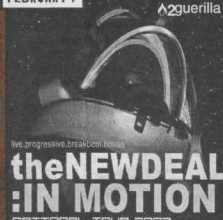
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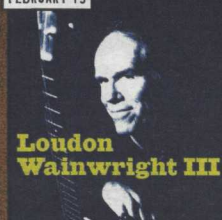
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TORSTEN MULLER

Time Traces, which runs from a rewired switchboard in Vancouver, British Columbia, to a caterwauling great improvisation, Theatricality 69:5 is spread to the right and left by musically uninvited guests from different cultural backgrounds and milieus in an open dialogue without words, sound, or locally inscribed music. The impetus was to create a fluid mosaic of cultural influences with one of Britain's first musical digital composers who inaugurated the first visual musical composition in 1976 with a variety of cultural influences. The intention was to create a fluid mosaic of cultural influences from a variety of cultural influences in an open dialogue without words, sound, or locally inscribed music.

the 1970s with one of the firsts of his kind, an album of music that was not only for audiences but for musicians to acquire themselves with. The impact of his first musical background and milieu in an operation that was not only for audiences but for musicians to acquire themselves with. The impact of his first musical background and milieu in an operation that was not only for audiences but for musicians to acquire themselves with.

This year's *Time Flies* is a grand assemblage of musical traditions and improvisational music, including German, North and South American, African, and Japanese. Vancouver has a very flexible improviser who attracts quite a variety of musicians. Improviser clarinetist Francois Muller, who recently moved to Vancouver, has been playing with Chicago reedsman Ken Vandermark and also taps into their listening abilities and musician's technique. Muller explains why, even in this type of music, it is to be a master of self-control is the key to the music.

What usually takes place in this type of music is that the musicians are

"What usually happens is that if a player has strong playing abilities and emotional capacities, a musician's technical abilities, even in this atypical environment, a musician feel that there is something there it will work immediately. I don't work right off well there is no emotional interest in it. He is quite excited."

He is quite excited about this year's line-up, mentioning names like Montreal-born pianist Thomas LeConteur and violinist Jesse Zubot. Muller says he enjoyed working with the orchestra in the past, but he is not sure if he will return. "I will happen immediately because if you don't change that," he says, "there is no empathy, and no amount of preparation will help you."

...line-up, mentioning his per-
...as Canadians with whom he is unfam-
...Marilyn Lerner and Vancouver-

...the two very opposite con-

He acknowledges his own background and his own rebellion against formal European classicism, but he feels times have changed and the thundering anti-aesthetics of other German legends like Schliemann and Peter Brötzmann.

"I think there used to be a tension more in the music, a rough improvising the musicians had to do, but now it's more of a liberated society. It's not as much of a tension more in the music."

BY MARK FERNANDES

having a strong emergence of those who are coming
scene, like Giorgio or others who use rock
That's why I moved here, for the
which I find fascinating, list
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Italian electronic music artist Giorgio Magnanensi, who is coming from the classical world, listening for the diversity of musical backgrounds, people really forge out their own minimalist ideas; people really forge out their own styles."

Like Muller, Giorgio Magnanensi is not a man that he feels renewed in this music. "Austria and Italy are fascist countries," says Magnanensi. "There are not many places in Europe's history as free as Austria. I have energy here with my music."

Magnanensi highly regards improvisational music as a colonizing force. "There is a lot of fresh, adventurous composer and improviser who use computers to CD players and electronic processors," he says. "Composing is out of the box, and it's not a magical process, real time." Magnanensi is now a Vancouverite, and says he has no strong history of anything imported from his musical context. He shares a great disliking for the idea of "importing" places to play, less accounting for the history of the place.

"Composing is out of time, while making live music is a logical process, *real time*," Magnanensi quotes from the implied formal structure. "Scelsi's" Magnanensi quotes from while sound has always existed. "Scelsi's" Magnanensi quotes from the realization of the external. "Scelsi's" Magnanensi quotes from implies freedom. "Scelsi's" Magnanensi quotes from

Also taking part is Dijkstra, who promises to bring with me my culture because "I bring with me my culture because it's there, it's in the way by it."

Dijkstra's musical influences are far-ranging, from jazz to rock, English, Norwegian, French, African and Balkan and everything in between. "I've always liked to observe things on improvising," he says.

English, always liked to observe differences in how Dutch, he believes that each cultural milieu and language has its own musical personality. "I feel that in countries like Dutch, there is more edge," he says. "Let's take the phrase 'I'll see you there'—there is more edge in Dutch than in German, or German improvisers have different textures and textures."

...feel that a lot of Dutch improvisers and composers now are...
...feel there is a lot of interest in clarity—short, concise...
...attacks and short harmonic...
...feel there is a lot of interest in clarity—short, concise...
...attacks and short harmonic...
...feel there is a lot of interest in clarity—short, concise...
...attacks and short harmonic...

"I'm very happy that the fact that I was in Boston for the time to know each other and the fact that I was in Vancouver

Time Flies runs from Feb. 6-9 featuring local acts Magnani, Torsten Muller, Jesse Zubot, Gerry Hemingway, and Tony Wilson. There will be free music on Feb. 7 that the festival lasts four nights, so we can get other and learn each other's musical corners." *
Torsten Muller, Feb. 7
Hemingway

from Feb. 6-9 featuring Jorrit Dykstra, Giorgio
Torsten Muller, Jesse Zukot, Thomas Lohr, Marilyn Lerner,
Henningsway and Tony Wilson.
There will be free music workshops that run each day at 4pm: Feb. 6
Torsten Muller; Feb. 7, Tony Wilson; Feb. 8, Jorrit Dykstra; Feb. 9, Gerry
Henningsway and Thomas Lohr.

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JORRIT DIJKSTRA



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Loscil,

...Loscil eats in the weirdest places...

Out of this mess came the facts. Loscil, a.k.a. Scott Morgan, "played in bands," and moved to the Rainy City for SFU's compositional electronic music program. He tells me, over some kind of swind cheese and alfalfa sandwich, that he didn't do the whole e-popping nose-bombing rave scene. He's one of those electro-acoustic closet-Stockhausen freaks who claims he was influenced by dance music only after the academic age grind. It was Kranky records who said: "Hey, your shit is like Basic Channel"—but that was even before it had beats. His early work was ambient, and Kranky pushed him into the deep end of dubbed-out minimalism. Best known for their post-rock bands, Kranky is a strange label for this strange man to be on—Loscil's work is a departure that oddly coincides with the work of Pan American, a side project of Labradford that is also on Kranky. And now with the stars aligning around Scott's head, he has found himself touring Europe with Pan American and receiving begging emails for a release on Traum. (Which would mean vinyl. And we all do like vinyl. "It's vinyl..." he says, his eyes drooling.) On the gear end, Loscil, like most laptop wankers, got sick of hauling out samplers and synths and sequencers and now primarily works with Max/MSP, the object-oriented granular synthesis program for Mac. But none of this explains his ultra-smooth sounds, which are the result of a process called "convolution."

Loscil: The synthetic sounds are the bass. I either sample some records or field recordings. A bulk of the more ambient textured stuff... I recorded a more noise sound—a machine, or traffic, or anything that is really wide bandwidth, and then you take a small clip, like of a harmonically rich sound like a guitar or a flute or something, and then you can use that as a filter to put the noisy sound through. It creates this texture that is based on the harmonic sound, sorta like a stretched-out version of it, all the peaks and valleys of the noisy sound. And then I loop that and make it into this sort of background, sample that, and create a rhythm that you can't really hear.

Loscil also has an interest in really crappy things. "At work I've been using these handheld tape-recorders with minicassettes. I've been using this one that is all fucked up, where the speed goes up and down... then I have this crappy mic that I plug into it, and I've been going around recording things with it, and then editing out stuff from it... actually it sounds really cool when you press stop, it keeps recording for a second afterwards, but it kind of fades it out, so it goes k-shhhhh... and so it becomes this really nice percussive thing. I've been using that a lot. And I put those up into little rhythms, and doing the same thing with that process [convolution]—it's so noisy and lo-fi sounding—and using that as a source to filter things, you know. So you just get this kind of rich—it's the same reason why I think people sample vinyl and stuff—you get this rich kind of sound, partly by the technology and not only the source sound. So I'm into that."

Scott is in this for the long haul—he can't make a living from it, he says, and eyes light up in this strange '80s diner as his tongue laps at his sandwich just thinking about those obscure sound processes. It's his drive: "Absolutely. It's what I go home and do every night, unless I watch TV or something." (I told him I'd quote this—and here I am...) "I was afraid of this," says Scott, in mock indignation—little did he know that it was serious... or maybe he did know. Like Project Gritz, the Government has given the guy money too—a grant to create interactive audiovisual work with Macromedia Director. Visuals are a major part of Scott's artistic and work-work. We now enter a long debate on music and visuals, what Scott states the obvious and we all order too much coffee in this pseudo-'80s diner. Or maybe it was only our waiter who was pseudo-'80s, cryogenically frozen from the days of Kerouac, suddenly rawnaked, a post-neo-Cro Magnon man that chats up small talk in a desperate attempt to come to grips with the outside world...

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Loscil: There's been periodically over the last century or so—since film came into play—there's been a few people who have kind of dabbled in it, like way back in the '20s, there was this guy who was doing abstract, what he called "visual music films," just completely abstract films, and then he would have this composer do a synchronized score to it, and through the '60s there were people like Norman McLaren doing their stuff with animated music, where you would actually draw on the optical side of the film to produce the sound, and then draw on the visual, so you would have this synchronized—so it's like this very scattered history of audio-visual presentation that I am kind of interested in adding to, I guess. Not in a pompous way, but just because it is interesting. I'm kind of interested in creating a way of making both the music and the visuals at the same time, and how they relate—at some core level, you know—and at the beginning, starting really simple, and saying "How does a line moving on the screen relate to a sound that's coming out?"

...Safety Scissors cuts me to bits...

But that's enough of Loscil: time for Safety Scissors. With a Midwest-Southern accent of undetermined American origin, and a semi-babe in both San Francisco and Berlin, Safety Scissors is an emotional wonder in the often sterile world of minimal techno. It's not quite emo-techno, it's more like an electronic Fraggie Rock ballad, an aria for the compost heap with red glasses. As MPC is currently jetsetting across North America for a short tour, he answered the following abuses via email.

Where did the name Safety Scissors come from? Does this have anything to do with meditating on a rock and "Indian Gods"? Or is it an oblique reference to your hair?

Mathew: The name Safety Scissors does not have some profound origin. Many times people think it has to do with editing audio carefully or something very serious like that. Rather, it just is a stupid name and I like it for that reason. The fact it has nothing to do with computers or music and does not sound that "cool" is very appealing to me. After hearing your song about being in a refrigerator, or being a refrigerator, one cannot help but wonder if you suffered the fate of being squished into small lockers as a teenager. Is this true? If not, what brought on your desire to sing quirky little ditties over dub house?

I was picked on quite a bit in high school, but I do not think I fit completely in the lockers at my school. The fridge life track was the first one I chose to sing on actually. I was in our cold and dark basement (not so different than the inside of that appliance) working on a track thinking it needed a bit more. Many times, as I work I will sing out loud a new part that I would like to add and in my somewhat delusional state/lack of sleep there were words that went along with this outburst.

Will you be singing in your live show?

Of course. I do not think I could do a live show without singing anymore. It adds a lot of personality to the music which engages the audience in a much different way. I am presenting myself in some ways, rather than just my computer, and it's something people automatically can connect with. Now, I am not really a good singer per se, but I think everyone is a singer of some sort (at least when you are alone and naked in the shower I hope), so this is a thing that can make people listening relate to me.

By

tobias v

03

a Refrigerator,

04

and a Waiter

Rumour has it that you have been in Japan and Germany. Do more people wear leather pants there? Really though, is it all hanging out with Achim and Ricardo all day, or is the scene much more chill? And are the Japanese really as fanatic about music as everyone says they are?

There are many Achims and maybe a few Ricardos here in Germany but you must be name-dropping some techno docs, eh? Musicians are like rats in Berlin and I surely see quite a bit of them, but I try to surround myself with other topics and people. Just because I do music and am in the "scene" I have all these music acquaintances—kind of like the free friends you get when you sign up to be an electronic musician—but these only go so far.

And yes, in Japan there are a lot of nerds (the Japanese word is something like *otaku*) that know more about my music than I do asking about tiny things I would rather forget. Endearing, I suppose. Who did the cover for your incredible Plug Research album, the one with the clown on front? Did you come up with that? Why does it so accurately reflect your beautiful music? I came up with the concept and did the photography for the cover, while a friend of mine helped out with the graphic design and filling in with some of the artwork (like the watches). There are many ideas for photography and other things floating around in my head. I was going to art school before I started really being serious (if you could call it that) about music. So I hope it goes with my music as I made both.

What software and gear do you use? What does your live setup consist of?

Your very own need question... hmm? I use many different software applications but mainly I use Logic to make tracks and Max/MSP for playing live. I have recently taken an interest in getting a bunch of real instruments. Contrary to popular belief, I am not just a laptop musician. There is a bunch of studio gear I have and a bunch on my list. Since my move to Berlin I have been having to do a lot more work only inside the computer and it really makes me feel claustrophobic. So now I am trying to get out with electric pianos, a kid's drumset, an autoharp and jawharp.

When I play live I just use my laptop, a midi controller, and a microphone. I do my best not to be a "clicker" and just look at my computer. My performance is quite live instead of just pushing play on a sequencer. I mix elements and there is no set arrangement so I can move through and mix my different tracks in any way. That, along with my singing (attempt at singing I should say), gives it all some room for mistakes which I think is very important.

With all the talk of theory in this sort of music (microsound, Mille Plateaux), do you have a politics—and I really mean this in the loosest sense of the word—in, behind, through, your music?

Well, I do have some reactionary politics against the Clicks and Cuts-stuff material I hear. First of all, I think it is bollocks to just do music only along the lines of this genre (or any genre without adding something new). It seems a large portion of it follows strict guidelines that really make it lack personality. It's just soooooo ultra serious and has no sense of humor which makes me just take it as more of a joke. I try to infuse a sense of humor into my music, as well or at least have some fun with it. Are there any more Moron projects in the works?

Sutekh and I are doing a split EP on a small German label called on.tor but other than that we do not have specific plans for more collaborations. Since we no longer share a studio it makes it a bit more difficult but it would be nice to work with him more... especially since Moron is such a nice name.

Do you cut hair?

No. I mean I saw I sure I could do alright at it as I try my best to pay attention to what the stylist is doing, but I would not trust me so much with a pair of scissors.

See Safety Scissors, Sutekh, and Loscil live at the Video-In, 1965 Main St. on Feb. 9th. \$12 @ door. 10pm-2am. Info at www.shruntribe.com.

ii disorder

HELLCAT RECORDS PRESENTS...



GIVE 'EM THE BOOT III

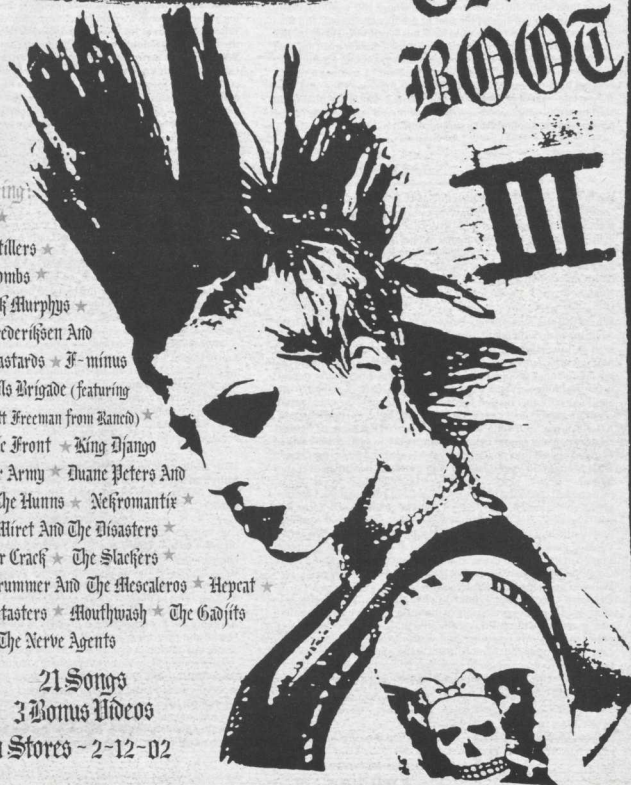
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Realmade is currently looking for a planet big enough to hold their sound. In the climate of 2002, the planet Earth is too cluttered, populated and filthy for the wide and cleansing sounds of Realmade. There is a hard, hard evidence, my friends. Please do your part to help. Kevin Hills, Arch, and Throan Daggers lift themselves out of the mire that is this world's state. Without caring people like you, Realmade may continue to do amazing things that will go unnoticed in this unjust land. All it takes to support a band like Realmade is just 12 cents a day (until you reach the price of their latest album, On Point and Red). That's right, they can look much brighter for bands like Realmade if you just lend your support. Help make this world a better place. Give today.

DISCORD: Where are the members from and how did you all meet? Hills: All from Vancouver. Me, Daggers, and Arch have been friends for years. DT and Doc are members of Pipedream (you use the presence sense because they have started recording again).

What is the right time, place, and situation to listen to Realmade? Hills: Hmm... Walkman. Dark. Cold. Clouds illuminated by the city lights. From a vantage point where you can see headlights crossing over bridges. In a situation of uncertainty bordering on depression, skating around the edges of hopelessness, but defiant about it.

If you could be anywhere at any time in history, where would you be? Why?

Arch: Probably sometime in the '60s, so I could go see Steve McQueen movies in the theatre on their opening nights.

Hills: Cliche, but probably right now. We're passing through epochs on an almost daily basis right now; not that anyone is really noticing... this is as interesting as socio-political environment as we've ever seen. It might seem quiet, but things are stirring. Take just a handful of these globalization protesters, get them to shave their heads and put down the bong for a few minutes, get a commerce degree, exploit technology to organize across borders and I think some real interesting things will happen. One thing is for sure: anyone that speculates this to be the end of history, the great liberal democratic dream, is really fucking mistaken. Inequality = friction = change.

When you think about Vancouver radio, what comes to mind? Hills: That we get no spins west of Alberta (college radio or otherwise). Realmade gets played more in Atlanta than we do at our own university. We really don't have a very strong relationship with what's left of the Vancouver music scene. With the closure of the Starfish Room, things have just gotten ridiculous. I'm repeatedly told by friends in other cities that Vancouver's rep is just the fuckin' worst. We are known for the cliquiness of our scene, or rather that the cliquiness has discouraged the emergence of a scene. Oh well. The new CircleSquare record is a product of Van, so you can't really argue with the fact that this city is a breeding ground for some pretty interesting stuff.

What do you think that Atlanta radio plays you more than local radio? You know this for sure?

Hills: That's an example, but we went Top 10 at WRAS in Atlanta, which I believe is the biggest college station in North America. I don't believe we ever even charted for a week at any BC college/co-op station, though we have been in the top 25 in Canada for 8 weeks

If I like Realmade, what other bands might I like?

Bank Psychosis, My Bloody Valentine, Hood, New Order, Flying Saucer Attack, South Pacific.

What's the difference between Heaven and Hell?

Hills: Don't plan on seeing either.

When you rent videos, do you rewind them before taking them back?

Arch: Rewind? Who doesn't have a DVD player these days?

Hills: Agreed. Not everyone can afford DVDs yet. Though I think excuses for not owning a computer in North America are starting to wear thin, especially if you have a TV.

Where did you record On Point and Red?

Hills: My apartment, except for the drums. Late, late at night. Frequently drunk.

Drunk on what? I'm looking for brand names here.

Hills: Hmm. I was drinking red wine, I think. The other guys were probably kickin' Boddington's or Granville Island something or others.

How was the recording process structured? Who produced it and from where do we know them?

Arch: The recording process usually starts with me making a 4-track cassette tape which has the original music structure and vocal melody on it. Then I give that tape to Hills and Daggers and they fill in the gaps—adding keyboard parts, melodies—and refine the bass line and drum machine parts, if any. Then a decision is made whether to put on a record or shelf it, basically. Then it's reconstructed from the ground up in final recording. DT did all the engineering and kicked in some musical ideas on some of the tracks. You'd know him from Pipedream. We all produced it together.

Hills: Process? Record the drums with throw-away beds, then DI the whole thing. Red-to-reel still. Not much in the way of "off the floor" recording for us.

Realmade's list of best things of 2001 is:

Hills: Hood's *Cold House* is really strong. I can't really remember what else happened this year. Twelve months is a long time these days. Worst moments are the ascensions of GW Bush, Ariel Sharon, and George Campbell.

What picture would you like to see next to your interview?

Hills: A hammer and sickle over a map of BC. We're not really pure Marxists, but that would be a cool image to see next to the interview. Especially in light of this current government.

What's the best thing about Realmade?

Hills: That's your job.

How do you feel about being labeled a shoegazer band?

Hills: If "shoegazer" is defined as indifference or as head-in-the-clouds-out-of-space-dreaminess, then it's not cool. But we do make guitar-centric music that is heavily atmospheric, so what can you do? How do you define it?

To me it's a transcending blast of beauty. I'm sort of tired of being pigeonholed as a type of listener when I like so many genres (at the same time hating most popular music). I like it all-encompassing wall-of-sound.

Hills: I like the all-encompassing wall-of-sound, too. Sonic depth is the dopest when you pick up different frequencies and spaces every time you listen to it. What more appropriate genre could there be

How do you know when the song is right?

Arch: Sometimes it's difficult to know exactly when a song is complete. Sometimes the original concept that was on the demo tape gets an overhaul before we prep it for the studio (by studio I mean someone's apartment). Same melody, structure often changes. Parts stay the same, they just get reorganized a bit. We'll just keep playing around with it until it clicks. Other times we'll know right away, and we'll try and keep the song as close to the demo as possible. Why do you suppose the political environment has become so selfish? What can we do about that? How long can we continue to steal from the poor and give to the rich?

Hills: Not much fuckin' longer. Whether people are aware of it or not, wealth disparities are getting worse, not better. Concentration and consolidation. Either there can be a shift in consciousness by the "haves" that a) this system is not sustainable, or b) we are not living with any degree of compassion, or if I may quote Lightstrands: We "won't" settle things conflict might settle first." As for BC, we got duped into thinking there was something fatally wrong with our situation of extreme relative wealth, and only marginal growth. Got duped into thinking that without 5% growth we were doomed or something. Retarded. In all fairness though, some of that NDP action was just laughable. So we elect these [Liberal] pricks for alleged economic reasons, and now we're getting the other side of the coin: the social policy.

TO EVERYONE READING, FIGHT THIS FUCKIN' TREATY PROCESS REFERENDUM WITH YOUR DYING BREATH.

You obviously have some heart-felt political opinions. Is there anything political about Realmade's music?

Hills: In the lyrics here and there. In some of the visual imagery. On the website. Pretty tough to be political musically though and still be listenable or emotive. Capitalism isn't going to chase us into some corner of musical obscurity just for some misguided sense of integrity. The ideal situation is to make music that mostly deals with emotions, and then do a thousand interviews where we can cut loose on the political front.

Are you playing around town any time soon?

Arch: We have some plans right now to do some stuff in the spring and we've started rehearsing a live set. We're trying to keep in shape so if anything comes up in the meantime we'll be relatively ready. We've, unfortunately, had to decline a couple of good shows recently just because we're so out of shape, like Mercury Rev and another offer in Calgary. The music scene in Vancouver is so dead right now it's ridiculous, and the venue situation is also really sad. Those factors don't help much either. But yes, we are planning on playing some shows soon. *

BY BLEEK

WORLD

or something. I ain't complaining, but I can't say I entirely understand it, either. To me, our music seems very married to Vancouver. I guess no one else in Vancouver feels it.

What's the worst thing about Canadian culture?

Hills: Its willingness to accept American hegemony. Beware of dollarization.

What can Canadians do to control their own destiny?

Hills: A few things: There is no need to deregulate and privatize our heavy industry, natural resources, or utilities simply to allow US firms to come in and swoop them up. Also, I would like to see us align ourselves as much as possible with the EU when it comes to foreign policy, as opposed to our current state of lap-dogism. And of course keep public education and healthcare as universal as possible. A recent OECD study had us at second place in literacy and fourth or fifth in science/math. The US was way down the list because their system is more classist and their government does not spend enough. Gordon Campbell and friends would have us chase that standard to the bottom in the name of fiscal prudence, while their fuckin' kids go to St. George's and Vancouver College.

right now? A music of an exact space in a world of chaos, uncertainty and discord, a world itself in an exact space. But it has nothing to do with being dreamy.

How about religion? Natural human instinct, which means something, or superstition and cause of too many conflicts?

Hills: I wish religion was totally irrelevant, but as evidenced this fall, it most certainly is not. It just isn't necessary. I don't know about you, but my morals and actions are just fine in the absence of religion. Ask a Christian if they feel like they would suddenly become a "bad" person without their religion to guide them. The look they give you back is pretty interesting. I've come to terms with my own finite existence, so that motivation goes out the window, too. Fuck it, I give religion another 30 years. People have to grow up sometime. **What does On Point and Red mean?**

Hills: "On Point" is a nearly extinct hip hop phrase that debatably means something like "bold" or "readiness." "Red" you can guess—just blending two cultural elements that influence and interest us. Sloganeering as much as anything. Putting as much distance as we can from fucking "dreamy" descriptions of us. Didn't help though.





Did you read the last issue of DISORDER? If you did, you would have noticed some high praises in two reviews featuring Julie Doiron: one about her latest album *Desormais*, and the other about her show in Vancouver last November. It's all for a good reason. Julie Doiron is that talented. She is easily one of the best singer/songwriters we have in Canada. Julie Doiron began her music career in the early '90s as the bassist for Eric's Trip. When the band broke up in 1996 Julie went on to pursue a solo career. All has been going well since then with several successful albums (one of those having won a Juno Award in 2000 in the best alternative album category). I had the pleasure of speaking to Julie on a few occasions over the past several months about what has been happening in her life.

Julie doiron

→ by ben lai

Tell me about the last time you were in Vancouver, where you played two shows on the same night at the Sugar Refinery. Did you enjoy those shows?

Yeah, I thought it was a great show. It was a really nice place to play. I thought both of the sets were really good. Although I think I enjoyed the first one a little better because I wasn't as tired.

I remember you telling the audience about why you were so tired. You played the night before with Eric's Trip and had to check out of your hotel room before noon.

I vaguely remember telling the story, but I just know that I had to walk around for five or six hours that day. With minimal amount of money, in the rain, doing nothing. [Laughs] A lot colder than I expected. But it was fine.

How was the Eric's Trip tour? It seemed to be very well received. The shows I've been to were packed.

It was great. I went really well. There was one show that was kind of lame but the rest was really good.

Did you guys get along well?

Yes. We had fun.

Was the Vancouver show the last one ever for Eric's Trip?

Who knows what is going to happen next. I was quite frustrated that it was advertised as "The Farewell Tour."

Yeah, Rick White said to him that depending on how you guys felt you might do more shows in the future.

Absolutely. If we feel like doing another tour then we'll do one. Maybe it'll be next year or maybe in two years or whatever. We are not enemies so there is no reason why we wouldn't want to play together. But it gets scary because this time was really successful but maybe in two years it will just be lame and no one would even care.

There were a lot of people who came out on this tour who have never seen us before. That was cool because we've broken up either before they got into us or they were underage then and never got in. There were also a lot of older people who had seen us many times and wanted to see us again. So it was interesting. It was hard on me mentally and I think Rick too because our individual things don't get nearly that many people coming out.

You recently did shows with Herman Dine in France and Belgium. How were they?

All the shows went really well. The Paris show was sold out and the venue holds around 450 people. I went on at 7:30 sharp and it was pretty much almost full, maybe with 400 people or so. And the whole room was just silent the whole time for my 30 minutes. It was really, really cool. People seem to respond well and I sold a bunch of CDs. I am not too familiar with Herman Dine. Who are they and how did you meet them?

They are a band from Paris that I've met actually a few years ago while I was on tour in the States. Mike [Feuerstack] from the Wooden Stars was touring with me and we played Chicago with Songs: Ohia. This guy from Paris was actually there to see Songs: Ohia and had never heard of me but really liked what I had done. We started talking that night and turned out that he was in Herman Dine. And we kept a loose sort of contact through email once a year or you know. And he emailed me last March and said "I'm going to South by Southwest and I saw you're going so maybe we should get together" or whatever. That was cool. So basically we decided to do some shows together.

Did you get to do any sightseeing while you were there?

Yeah, when I was there in November I had a few days off leading up to the show and a day off after my last show. I got to see quite a bit of Paris. It was very nice. [Laughs] I was staying with people from there because of the band and the label they're on. It was cool because we would just go to things they would go to normally. And they took me to a few sights that you've got to see. But I only saw the Eiffel Tower from afar.

Going back to SXSW. How was it for you last time?

Good. For me personally it was really horrible.

Why?

Oh. My show was horrible, horrible, horrible.

Was it the crowd or the venue or the time? I was playing St. Patrick's Day, on the main drag, on an Irish Pub, at 11pm on a Saturday night. And across town, at same time as me, there was David Byrne, whom I would have much rather be watching, and Gillian Welch, at a different show. So all these people were playing at the same time as me while I was playing the Blind Pig Pub. It's true that there were 50 people there to see me and [they] were standing in front of the stage, but then way in the back of the pub, everyone was drinking green beer and being really loud. What happened was 10 minutes before I went on, the club owners decided that they were canceling the show, they didn't want it to go on anymore because they just wanted people to come in and drink. But SXSW was turning a cover. What they did was they demanded the bar staff to turn on their PA so no one else [could] access it. We couldn't shut that music off. I couldn't go on stage and then all the SXSW staff had to rush down and negotiate with the venue. Finally at five after eleven I was told I can go on stage. And I was so frustrated and the sound system was so shitty and it was the worst show. Well, a lot of people came up to me afterwards and was like "Congratulations, you just got through the worst show you are ever going to do." It was that bad. So what they've done is that they promise me that if I want to go next year I should be able to put me on a really good bill [laughs]. Do you generally like festivals like this?

No. Well, kind of [laughs]. See I have a really horrible experience at CMW this year, Canadian Music Week. Yeah, that was bad too. And that's when I swore that I was never going to do another one.

What happened?

I was advertised to play at 9pm and they made me go on at 8:30pm. And I was telling them that this is wrong because people are going to be showing up at 9pm. I said 8:30pm in the official guide but you only get one of those if you buy a wristband, and in the weekly paper it said 9pm. So when I went on stage there were like 75 people. But it was Lee's Palace.

Oh.

Yeah, 75 people at Lee's Palace is ridiculous. At 9:00 pm it was packed. Like, I was literally finishing my last note and the room was packed. People were coming up to me and saying "I don't understand, how can you do this?" And I was saying "It's not me. They made me." Then I was really mad and some people asked for their money back. They just did it because they were squeezing in some band from the States actually. And they played an hour and a half. Grr.

The last festival you did was the Halifax Pop Explosion back in October. Was that good?

Yeah. The Halifax Pop Explosion was really fun. It's a festival, it's not a conference. And usually the CMJ is good too. If you can get on a good bill. Last year I was on a good bill, but I did one once where I wasn't on a good bill. The frustrating part about those things is that they want to get big name bands in so that people will go and think it's exciting, but if you are a big band, you can play anytime and you'll have people at your show. It's really not fair to be in competition with those bands, you know? And the only time you'll get a good turn out is if it's one of those bills, the very conflictive. What would you consider to be the highlight of your musical career? Hmm. I don't know. I'm not really great at answering this kind of question.

[Julie then went off to ask her husband Jon, and very shortly came back laughing.]

Umm... It's been playing the trumpet while my husband plays the piano. Something that we probably never imagined we would do together is make music. It's learning how to play the piano and he is getting really good at it. I've been learning how to play the trumpet since the fall. And we jammed together [laughs].

Check out Julie Doiron's website at www.juliedoiron.com. Julie will be performing March 2 in Vancouver at the Vogue Theatre with Hayden.

DISORDER: Your latest effort *Desormais* is a Francophone album. Did you grow up speaking French?

Julie: Kind of. I didn't learn how to speak French until I was in Grade One. And then I did all my school and college in French. My grandparents spoke French. My mom speaks French but my father was English. And my stepfather is French, so I spoke it quite a bit at home. Why did you choose to do an album in French this time?

Well, I like writing French songs. I used to write them once in a while and put them on my other records. Then I decided to do a French EP thing turn into a French record. And yeah, I'll still continue to write in French because I read a lot of French novels and I speak to my kids in French. We live in Montreal; it feels right. I'll continue to write both because I speak both of those languages equally. Is there a big difference between writing songs in French and English?

I write quite differently in English than I do in French. I am not quite sure why. They are different languages, so I guess that's why. You are now with Endearing Records from Winnipeg. How did that come about?

They just said if I needed any help, let them know. I've known them for years, we used to help out with distribution and stuff. And every time I would be playing in Winnipeg, Blair [Purda] from Endearing would be putting on the show.

And you have an English album coming out this spring though *Endearing*?

I think the album is going to come out in March. I recorded it a week after I recorded the French one, which was probably a bad idea in retrospect. But it's not bad and there are a few songs I am very happy with and I think they are really good.

How much of your songwriting is autobiographical?

I don't really know. I guess everything is a little bit autobiographical because it comes out of whoever is writing it. So I think that everybody, not just myself, is putting themselves in their songs regardless whether it's first person or third person or whatever. But mine are not as autobiographical as people would probably think. Some of them are pretty much flat out but some are not. Sometimes I just write different lines here and there on different days, and I just go through them and put them together so they are not even about anything in particular. But I don't really like to talk about them too much or explain them too much. I prefer people to just listen to them and take them in on their own and adapt them to how they want to perceive them.

What kind of music do you listen to these days?

I rarely put music on anymore. Actually one of the things I've been listening to more often is the new Snailhouse record. And mainly the other thing that we've been really into to talk about them too much of the Leonard Cohen records.

He has a new album out, *Ten New Songs*. Have you been listening to that and do you like it?

Yeah, my husband and I both liked it a lot. I guess it sort of inspired us to start listening to him again a whole bunch. So we are sort of revisiting Leonard Cohen.

bocephus king <heart> u

by val cormier

DISCORD: Let's start with a quick background for those who don't know you yet.

Bocephus King: Okay, I'll give you the quick version. I was always into music, although I was more into movies my entire childhood. I picked up guitar, learned a bunch of songs, and when I was 16 these guys I know got a gig in a lounge in Tsawwassen. They didn't know enough songs and asked me to play with them because I knew more songs. I came in and played, liked it, and fired the other two guys. Got my brother and another friend to come and play with me. So we played there for awhile, and that's where it started. We were playing just because it was a job, and we were making more money than most people I knew with their pizza jobs. It was a backward career choice, so to speak. I was able to pursue and learn more because people were paying me to play music. Otherwise I probably would have done whatever it is small town people do.

What kind of stuff did you cover?

Cover stuff, originals. We used to essentially take LSD and play for drunks 40 to 70 year olds, my parents sometimes included. Neil Young, we covered lots of Bob Dylan, Leadbelly, Nat King Cole. After doing that and playing in different bands I went to Nashville when I was 19. That's where I got my moniker "Bocephus King." The guys I worked with were making fun of what I wrote and that it was like "Bocephus" music. So when I would go out to little cafes around Nashville I would call myself Bocephus King, and it stuck. Eleven years later, it's still stuck, and I've stuck around. Puttering around, doing little recordings, until 1986 when a bunch of people got a record I made of a cabin in Point Roberts called *Joe Music*. They went big for it, people started liking it. Second record [*Small Good Things*] did good; bad relationship with the record company [New West]. Just before everything started falling apart, it started selling well in Italy and in other places, so they didn't dump me at the 11th hour. They still have a lot of integrity for what they want to do, which is to push established writers like Billy Joe Shaver, Delbert McClintock, people who never really made it into the spotlight. So what New West is doing, I think, is very honorable, but for launching a new star, they don't have the ability.

Our last album *Blue Sickness* was made as a demo for New West, and eventually traded to them for distribution in Europe. Once again, it started doing well, so I got Tonic Records involved locally. So that brings us up to present, where I'm making the new record, and I'm completely nervous and less confident than I would be normally because none of the other three records carried any expectations whatsoever. Their success was all pleasantly surprising.

How did the guy who runs New West is actually from Vancouver. How did you hook up?
Well Vancouver, actually. The label's currently based in LA. One of the guys who played drums on our first record sent Cam, the label guy, a tape [*Joe Music*]. Cam liked it and phoned me up. Unfortunately this same drummer also took it upon himself to be my manager, without my consent, and he made these big plans to go to Daniel Lanois' studio in New Orleans, fire my band, and so on. We ended up going to Minnesota instead to record.

How is the new album coming along?

Well, we remixed our song "8 1/2" for European radio and made a video of it, as well. It's just been sent to MuchMusic, so everybody email them and request it! Wanna hear the story behind it?

Sure.

Kate, my manager, had her buddy Doug lined up to direct. It was getting down to the wire because we had to film before we left for Italy last fall on our acoustic tour. He managed to assemble a crew, everything, in about three days, gave us several choices of scenarios. He wanted to play up the reference to the Fellini movie *8 1/2*, with tango dancers and so on. Very, well, Fellini-esque. Everything was fine until I started drinking some Wild Turkey with these anti-anxiety pills, which I didn't mix so well. I was still out of it when I showed up for the shoot. Kate's mom got Paul [lead guitar] drunk. He's wearing this purple polyester suit, and splits the zipper. At one point, we go shopping when the director's looking for us. Then it was makeup time—we were still wired, of course. I didn't like the

way they were doing Paul's hair, so they let me comb it like Little Nicky—you know, that Adam Sandler movie? I thought it was hilarious, and Paul is checking himself out in the mirror and saying "Yeah, that's pretty nice!" But seriously! This of course made me convulse with laughter so I fell over and split my eye on this lady's makeup case. I don't feel anything because I'm whacked out, of course. So I had to wear sunglasses for the video. The video turned out okay in the end. My involvement in it was practically zero.

Let's chat a bit about how you came to be so popular in Europe, Italy specifically.

Joe Music did fairly well in Europe. Then we were at SXSW [South by Southwest festival] in Austin and a couple of Italian guys saw our show. One of them was with a big Italian magazine, *Buscadero*, and gave us a big push. Eventually, when *Blue Sickness* came out, he gave us the cover. On our last tour we had a lot of media attention in Italy. Even though during some interviews I was pretty blunt that I wasn't the biggest across-the-board roots fan, and not everybody was happy with my opinions. I put Destiny's Child above Ryan Adams on my "evolving" list, and stuff like that.

So you can actually say that, unlike a lot of other Canadian bands who hump themselves down to Austin for SXSW, it was a success story for you.

Yeah, and what we didn't know before we got there was that we already had an insane amount of hype. New West was based in Austin at that time and had a lot of Austin old-timers on the label,



and they got the word out about us to the local critics. So by the time we got to Austin, we were driving in and they're talking about us on the radio! Everywhere we went, it was hyped out and packed. It was a lot of fun.

So what's the being popular in Italy? Any theories on that? I don't know. They like the entertainment aspect of our live shows, I think. They listen more than North Americans. We're still like a one-horse county in some respects. It's tough, but you can't really blame the audiences because no one's ever really learned how to watch music. So you just try to put on your best show, and people are pretty good to us, for the most part. We stick to the Railway Club because I don't really like playing anywhere else. I don't see a point in this town, at all. Not to insult any other club, but in the end it really doesn't matter. I used to think it did, but now that I've toured a lot, it really doesn't matter.

So what is your take on what's going on, or not, in the local music scene?

I don't have a complaint so much as there just isn't a scene. The way I see it, there's many bands, not many live clubs. There's a big art scene here, a big movie scene. I find there's small groups within the

Bocephus King, a.k.a. Jinnie Perry, fronts one of Vancouver's finest roots bands and has been throwing his blend of blues, New Orleans jazz, folk, country, funk, and more to audiences at home and abroad since the mid '90s. Despite the ongoing buzz surrounding their live shows, they've managed to slip between the cracks: not "all" enough for college radio, too "all" for the mainstream.

Despite, or perhaps because of a lack of consistency, Bocephus King remains one of this city's best live acts, and their Railway Club gigs are the kind which should be entered into hipper tour guides as "the quintessential Vancouver experience."

DISCORD engaged Bocephus King in a rambling conversation recently on the Drive and edited out most of the gratuitous prescription drug references for your reading pleasure.

music community which are community-like, but for the most part it's the "mine, mine, mine" attitude. I don't think it's just a Vancouver thing. We could be sitting in a similar-size city in, say, Texas, and having the same conversation. But I think we're also a bunch of spoiled little shits sitting in k-k-l-a-land. It's true! Go to any other place in the world. We live in, like, a resort. We give welfare to snowboarders—it's crazy. I feel that a lot of people are kind of spoiled.

I think the thing that everyone skips is that people just do what they like to do. We have no problem with movies; our film festivals are good. Music shows are pretty good. We just don't have a large enough audience for our kind of roots music. There's just not enough support for the scene apart from radio DJs and people like Shelley Campbell of the RANCH Society. There's just not enough people buying our kind of music.

What do you think of the current O Brother, Where Art Thou? phenomenon?

I think things like [soundtracks for] *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*, *American Beauty*, when they get through, they're great. It tells us that everything that's popular isn't crap. As much as anyone wants to think we've been completely taken over by mindless commercialism, the *O Brother* thing proves otherwise, I think. And look at the popularity now of Townes Van Zandt. Not that long ago you couldn't even find his stuff here. Now there's a big tribute album out and all. Townes Van Zandt—he's our new Vincent Van Gogh.

So what would you think if someone decided to make you The New Wave Thing?

I don't know if I could play the game so well, but I'd fully take advantage of it. I don't know... "Thanks for all the money, I'm gonna go watch movies now. This was only a job!" [Laughs] I'd still make records, but yeah, if that happened I'd spend ridiculous sums of money on stupid things. I'd break lots of things, do more speed than I do now, laugh more when people told me to do things. I'd ask lots of people in restaurants if they know who I am, if I couldn't get a seat. But I certainly wouldn't get a newspaper article and trash everyone in Canada—why bother?

You've had quite the upheaval in band membership over the past year or so. How's that working out?

It took really about a year to find new guys, and they're working out great. It's gelled in the sense that they're similar musically to Paul, they all get along well and hang out together. Those are Paul's requirements. My requirements are that they sound good after one rehearsal, so I like it as well. Win-win—I don't have to do anything! What's your future in our schedule looking like? We're going to do some big Canadian festivals again this summer, and we're supposed to go to Europe, including Amsterdam. Amsterdam is disappointing if you're Canadian because you can just as easily smoke pot here and cruise hookers. Americans like it, though.

What's the theme for the next album?

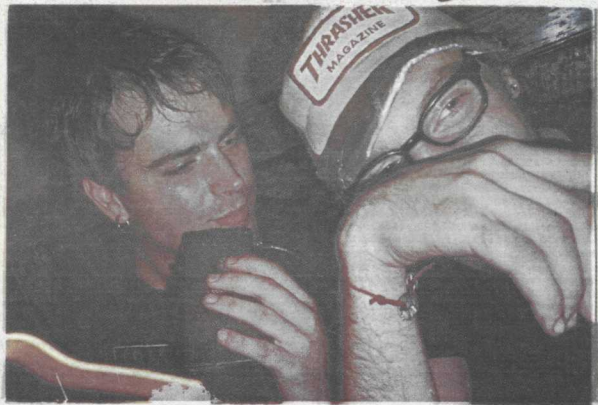
"Big ideas, tiny results." [Laughs]

Any advice for aspiring musicians?

You know, before I would've said, "Do whatever you want to do." But now, I'd say being successful is harder than being successful. And holding onto success is much harder than getting success. If you want to be a rock and roll star, hey, that's just entering the lottery—just do it. But if you want to get yourself into a position where you have to work to continue, I don't know. I mean, if you're some chump working in a record store right now who thinks "I'd really like to be in a band," or "I want my band to tour all the time," no I don't know if you should do it. Is it worth it for that? No, because your life is going to be as good working in the record store as playing music. And you really can't tell playing two times a week and making demos in your basement what it's like to go tour for three years. It's just too hard to explain. In theory, that person probably thinks it's a great idea, but can you do it for that long? Maybe. Everyone thinks they can. I used to think I could, and I don't know if I can anymore. And that's with a small portion of success. •

www.bocephusking.com

3 Inches of Blood



Six men have one singular mission: to make Metal be your master. Sure, they don't have long hair, air-brushed paintings of Nordic swordsmen holding the reins of sabre-tooth tigers on their tour van, or a mascot (yet), but damn if they don't make you wanna long haul. With a hefty batch of slams and a five-song CD already under their studded belts, Disorder sat down with Jaime Hooper (dirty vocals), Cam Pipes (clean vocals), and Rich Trautwick (bass) to celebrate the coming release of their full-length opus *Battle Cry Under A Winter Sun* with fligons of meat (okay, some tea, coffee, and coke—the meat was enjoyed by Lucifer) and give everyone a glimpse into the New Wave Of East Van Heavy Metal. Time to salute, my brothers!



DISORDER: Let's start off simple: How did you meet, and how did the band get started?

Three Inches of Blood: We all lived in Victoria and we met through school and whatnot... actually we formed to perform a reunion show of a previous band we were in, in a town called Vanderhoof. It turned out that we were short a couple of members, so we asked Rich and his brother Jeff to fill in. We couldn't be bothered with trying to re-learn the old songs so we just started writing new ones and this [3 Inches] is the result.

You were originally in a band called The Knuckles in Prince George. What was the scene like there?

It was good! Back in the mid-'90s it was fantastic. It's just such a small town and everybody's starving for music, so when somebody takes the initiative to make a band, everybody loves it. The Knuckles were pretty early-'90s hardcore, but it was pretty cool coming out of a town that size and that people were into it.

There is also a Calgary connection with you guys as well. Were you into the scene back then as well?

The first show I saw was Skin Barn at The Republik when I was 14... Geoff and I are actually still big fans of Beyond Possession. We found their first album when we were back in Calgary over Christmas... I never got to see them though... I started going to shows just after that.

The impression I get from seeing *Three Inches of Blood* play, and listening to the CD, is that you're just a bunch of guys having fun who don't take themselves too seriously. Now that you've won this year's Shindig, is there a pressure to start being more serious? Three Inches still is six guys having fun. We're going to make enough money to buy and restore the Hammersmith Odeon!

Are you ever going to release the ultimate anthem in parts that require the Roman numeric system?

I'm sure that will be inevitable. We're definitely working on prolonging our songs into awkward and difficult time lengths [laughter].

Did your guitarists learn by playing tablature?

Not really, they're both self taught. They grew up playing hardcore and punk when they were younger. Sonny locks himself in his room for about nine hours a day!

When practicing, do you go into the studio saying "Hey guys! I have this song, about slaying orcs!" or do you begin with the music?

[Laughter] That's how most of the lyrics are written, for sure! But mostly the music is written first. Sonny will generally come in and play us some riff he's been working on and we'll jam around that. Then we'll come up with ridiculous ideas for song lyrics.

Will there be a lyric sheet included with the next album? There will be one available, but it won't be included with the album.

There's too much text and "booklet" to begin with.

So no map in the booklet then? [For further examples see any album by Italian "Hollywood Metal" band Rhapsody.] That's a good idea! We could map out all the songs on the album and note geographically where each song came from!

Why only three inches of blood? Why not four inches or a foot or a streaming geyser of blood?

We're thinking three inches deep but over a vast area [laughs]! The name actually stems from my brother's horrible ability to exaggerate and my dad suggested we name the band Three Inches of Blood 'cause y'know... blood... metal... they seem to go hand in hand! The story is that my brother slammed his finger in a drawer and every time my brother tells a story it gets better and better so when you hear the same story months later, this prick on his finger turned into three inches of blood and it just had a good ring to it I guess.

The song title "Balls of Ice" causes me to ask: do you have low sperm counts? Are you planning on conceiving children in the near future?

[Laughter] We've been trying for a while now. The doctors prescribed this pair of underwear with a little bag to put ice in. The inspiration behind "Balls of Ice" was this joker who kept incessantly pranking our guest book on our web site. He made a parody reference to the song "Sunrise Over the Fjords"—something about "the sun rising over Cam's ass and the wind blowing his icy balls!"

Speaking of "Sunrise Over the Fjords," there is definitely a Norwegian feel to your songs. That being said, would Varg Vikernes or members of the scene there [known for burning down churches in the name of Satan] want to kill you for "mockery"? If Varg finds out that we're mocking his beloved fjords we're done for! True metalheads would eat us alive.

The Paul D'Anno scream at the end of "Onward to Valhalla" is fantastic! Who would win in a battle of wails: Paul D'Anno vs. Bruce Dickinson?

We gotta go with Bruce all the way. D'Anno has his good qualities but Bruce...

Ozzy vs. Dio?

Whoa! Sabbath or solo career?

Okay, *Blizzard of Ozz* vs. *Holy Diver*?

Wow! I have both of these on vinyl so I would have to go overtime, game seven on that one.

Bon Scott vs. Brian Johnson?

Bon Scott.

Halford vs. Ripper?

Halford!

Emmanuel Lewis vs. Gary Coleman?

Gary Coleman! That dude just never gets old!

By Lucifer Meat and The Dunderbaker
Photos By Dr. Daniel Siney, PhD



Will it ever get too ridiculous for Three Inches of Blood? Would you ever look at each other and go, "We've got these anthemic six minute solos, why bother?"

Because it's fun! I guess if maybe after six minutes we got bored of the guitar solo then it would be too much, and we would shorten it to maybe five minutes and forty-five seconds. We're having too much fun with the fantasy lyrics. As soon as we're sick of that, there's space themes and deep ocean themes we haven't even touched on.

If you had a rider, what would be on it?

I like the idea of a pair of clean white socks for after the show, peanut butter and jam sandwiches with the crusts cut off wrapped in wax paper, throat spray in a crystal vase.

Would Three Inches of Blood ever endorse throat spray? How about tapestries? That seems to be a lost art in the metal world! That's not a bad idea! The first step though is we would have to go to an institute and learn the art of tapestry. Brass rubbings are nice too. Very medieval...

The first time I saw you, I was drunk out of my head, and I must confess to shouting requests to you in a more than unpleasant manner. How do you deal with asshole fans like that?

Well, for one thing, we believe that heckling is a lost art in and of itself. If there is someone who can come up with creative heckles, welcome! We've never had that many hecklers at our shows except for the Shindig Finals. "Bring back Motorcycle Man!" [another competing artist]. We said: "Motorcycle Man taught us everything we know about metal even though he drives by our house everyday on a Kawasaki Ninja!" In Calgary we had some guy shouting out Iron Maiden and Judas Priest song titles so Cam sang the first line of every song and he shut up.

Since you won studio time [Shindig's first prize] have you thought about using backward masking on any of the new songs? We've thought about that, and we were actually really bummed out because we thought about it after we recorded the new album. I've always been in love with Sepultura's use of backward masking. The message is "Damn you, smoke my dope!"

How do you feel about the new album? Was your producer [Jesse Gander] more "hands-on" or did he sit back and let you do your thing?

He was perfect. When he needed to be hands-on he was, he knew when to punch up. He was great. Even when we thought we did our best take Jesse would come in and say "You can do better."

Who came in to do the acoustic guitar and mandolin?

It's Cory, Mike, and Johnny who are in a band called The Streets. The Streets are an unstoppable skate rock band. Johnny is an incredible guitar player who did some classical stuff; Mike played

mandolin overtop... pretty sweet! They've just recorded a cassette demo. It'll be released on Wreckage and Teenage Rampage.

Your record will be out on Teenage Rampage locally, and domestically on Radio Is Down and Cadaver Fashion—how did you hook up with them?

Cadaver Fashion are friends of ours, and Matt from Radio Is Down is in a band called Destro, who we played with in Olympia a while back. He really liked us and wanted to help us out which was nice. The album will be distributed by K and Scratch.

After the record is released, what next?

In June there should be a tour across this fine nation of ours. However, the precise details are still yet to be worked out. We are slated to play Toronto at the beginning of June, so we are going to arrange to make our way out there. There's talk of going down the west coast in May.

Being on the road, is there one "road trip" album the band can unanimously agree on listening to on those long drives?

Iron Maiden, Powerslave. Or Live After Death.

A couple final questions. Name three other bands besides yourselves you would have on the bill at your dream concert.

Wow... serious or comedy? Children of Bottom, Blind Guardian, and Manowar for good measure!

What would Jesus do?

He would bang his head and stick his thumb out while giving the horns. *

Who's David Axelrod? You could ask those who've sampled his work, like DJ Shadow, Dr. Dre, Mos Def, The Roots, or even Lauryn Hill—they'll tell you, shit, that's only the tip of his head. Ask jazz geeks who've worked with him, like Lou Rawls, Oscar Peterson, or even the psychedelic Electric Prunes, and they'll tell you a thing or two about THE AXE. But if you're part of the great, unwashed populous, then this interview will have to do. Even if you're hip-hop challenged, chances are you've heard Axelrod's work in some form or another. My first exposure was via Cannonball Adderley's "Black Messiah" loop sampled on A Tribe Called Quest's track, "The Infamous Date Rape." (I didn't even know it was a sample. But it was, and it was good. Speaking to David Axelrod is like talking to that professor who already knows what you're going to say and is often forced to suffer fools. Yet, grandpa Axelrod (the man is 68 after all) is surprisingly chatty, and he spoke at length about his years as the head producer for Capitol Records, and fondness for his best friend Julian "Cannonball" Adderley. Old in years but youthful in energy, Axelrod's done a hell of a lot more in a lifetime than I could do in two, and still scores high in the hip department today. How hip you ask? Hip enough for James LaVelle and close chum DJ Shadow to prostrate themselves in front of the Axe and ask him to unearth and update a forgotten piece of symphonic jazz, r&b, and soul and release it on the Mo' Wax label. Apart from two new bookend tracks on the David Axelrod album (the lead track includes an ominous monologue from LA's Raz Kass) the album is pure 1968 funkiness. The Mo' Wax label tends to define itself through reappropriation of the classics, and Axelrod's the real thing. Phoning the Axe in his hometown of Los Angeles, our subjects ranged from where to get the best deal sandwiches in Montreal, to our mutual appreciation of Ralph Nader, to the rise of political apathy. This is what we discussed in between.



DAVID AXELROD

DISORDER: I've read that you've spent a lot of time on this record for Mo' Wax. I'm wondering if this is one of the most involved records you've worked on?

Axelrod: Well, it had to be because of the tracks. The tracks were made in 1968. How do you take something like the rhythm tracks [I wrote those parts out 33 years ago], and make it sound contemporary? Right—but you've pulled it off.

Thank you, but a lot of thanks goes to Mr. Arnold Schoenberg, who has a great book on harmony. It's about how all keys—no matter how distant they are—are related somehow. And I utilized that because all those tracks are in a key I had not reached my total period yet.

Is the book *The Dictionary of Music* theory?

It's called *Theory of Harmony* and it's a damn shame because I had one that I got in the '60s and the translation was so rotten! The book was used as a textbook all over the world except here. And the reason it was not used here was because of the translation. I thought I had dyslexia—I'm not kidding, it didn't make any sense. Then I got hold of a brand new [edition]—they revised it in the early '90s. I got it and it's a fantastic book on harmony.

I'll have to check that out.

Do so!

I understand that you were quite a boxer when you were a young man. Do you find any correlation between boxing and making music?

[Pauses] No, other than the fact they're scary.

They're both scary?

Yes—both are scary. I get very nervous when I first walk in [the studio]. I always have. And it's a very odd, cliché line, but it's true—the day I'm not nervous, then there's something wrong.

I just want to ask you about hip hop. You seem to be a fan of hip hop, and hip hop is certainly a fan of yours. Has any of the hip hop production or styles influenced what you do?

Well if you listen hard to the album you will hear hip hop, but you have to listen hard, and see where you can pick it up. And I'm not going to tell you where either [laughs]. Raz Kass can pick it up. He can listen to the whole album and tell you where the hip hop is. And so can DJ Shadow.

Well, "The Shadow Knows" is one of your tracks.

Yeah.

The people being influenced by you—is it mainly the breakbeats or...?

You know something, I didn't even know what a breakbeat was. So I called my drummer, Earl Palmer, a great drummer—and I said, "What is a breakbeat?" And he goes, "A breakbeat? I don't know." I found out from Shadow—it seems that I have a habit, and I noticed it before, where I will be doing a phrase, a melodic phrase, and it will be broken up suddenly, and there will be a two bar or a four bar drumbeat and then the phrase continues: that is a breakbeat [laughs]. Now I am so conscious of it, and I didn't know I was doing that.

Do you find it odd that it took a Brit like James LaVelle to push for the release of this album?

No. No. No. By the time we got to talking about an album I had already become so big [in the UK] it was incredible. That's why there was the feature in *Mojo*. And Andrew Male [the author of the article] and I have remained very good friends and I talked to him a couple of months ago and he told me, "You're now one of the 25 most well-known personalities in music in the United Kingdom."

It's interesting how much of an impact your music has had in the UK. And it always did, which is weird. When nothing was happening for me here, I was still getting these cheques from BMI or different publishers for stuff I had done years ago that was still selling in the UK. Did you go there to promote at all?

I never went to Europe until June of this year. There was a reason for that—I reached a point where I was suddenly afraid to fly. At Capitol I was always traveling. I had flown thousands of miles. But I suddenly got this feeling... that there's nothing beneath my feet and the ground 35,000 feet below me. And the more you travel the more the odds start narrowing. I don't know why this happened, but it did. And I started to take the train around the country [laughs].

What do you find right and wrong about contemporary music today? Do you think the '60s were truly the best time to record music?

Yes. There are certain things I like today but we're in a very mediocre age in all art, and you know that.

I do?

I don't hear anything that I would say, "This is great and this is going to last for years."

So are you still influenced by music from the '60s and before that? Well there are certain albums that I always listen to—I love Miles. I like Sly Stone a lot and as much as I like the Beatles. The best produced track that comes to mind when I think of production, is Lou Reed's "A Walk on the Wild Side." Everything on that one track is perfect—when that one violin comes in—everything about it is so hip. And you can still hear the influence of Velvet Underground and Lou Reed today.

Well, I never liked the Velvet Underground. And I still don't. I think the records he made after are a lot better. Now I've been told that/that

you've been bold/with Harry, Mark and John—I mean, he's got such great wit.

The track "A Divine Image" off of your *Songs of Experience* album—parts of it sound very similar to "Jimmy T" and "The Shadow Knows" off this latest Mo' Wax release...

That's an accident. I wasn't listening to those albums. I don't listen to myself—I really don't. I don't want to know what I'm doing, I want to know what other people are doing.

Where were you at musically during the '80s and early '90s? In particular with your unreleased albums like *Big Country*? There was an album that was made in 1981 that was just fantastic, and when the time is right, I will talk to a label about it.

So you have control over those still?

No. It would have to be bought, but I published them, so the people who own them can't do anything with it. They own the tracks so I can't do anything with it. But I'm sure that they would be more than happy to take this money.

The *Big Country* album was something a little different for you... It was supposed to, that's something you can do with any kind of music. The president of Liberty [now Capitol] had great plans for that album. He wanted to get the whole country music association involved, and say, "See, you're always calling us primitive, primitive, well here's what can be done if someone wants to use their imagination with country music songs."

Unfortunately the album was never released.

Unfortunately he got cancer of the throat. He had to take all this chemotherapy so he had to resign.

Can you tell me a bit about your involvement with the Canadian band the Collectors, later known as Chilliwack? Did they have a guitar player named Bill Henderson?

Yes.

Bill Henderson was this kid from Canada who could sight read so fast it was unbelievable. He was one of the best guitar players I've ever heard. He was one of the ringers we brought in. He just knocked me out. But he fucked up here. He was smoking a reefer in front of a motel here and at that time, 1967, a black and white [patrol car] came by, saw him, busted him, he was here on a green card, and that was a felony at that time, and I've never seen him since. They kicked him out of the country. He went back up to Canada. I have no idea what happened to him. He took over all the guitar solos on the Electric Prunes album, *Mass in F Minor* with ease.

At that point, I myself was given the interviewing "axe." David Axelrod apologized for having to end the interview so abruptly due to record label logistics getting impatient at having to wait 20 minutes to go for lunch. *

city planners

by captain morgan



Underground hip hop does exist in Vancouver and the City Planners are at the apex. Although Moka Only is a member—and an important one at that—there are four others whose work has helped put Pacific Northwest rap on the map. In a recent chat at Blast Street Records, Jeff Spec, Ishkan, Sweet G, and Sichuan spoke on pop, hip hop, and poika. And it goes a little something like this...

DISCORDER: What gear do you use to make your beats?

Sichuan: G uses the MPC; Jeff and I use the SP and the 950 and we sequence on a computer.

On an old Mac?

S: A new Mac!

So Jeff Spec, you rap and produce?

Jeff Spec: Yeah, I rap and produce.

Ishkan, you rap?

Ishkan: Slash don't produce.

And Sichuan?

S: Beats, rap, DJ.

And G?

Sweet G: DJ, produce.

I: Not to mention that Sichuan plays the plethora.

G: I'm the back-up dancer on stage.

J: G does the best cabbage patch and butterfly you've ever seen.

[Jeff Spec now draws our attention to a super-ill break on an undisclosed record that's playing on the turntable and says, "Diggy Domino looped the drums," in reference to Domino's use of the break in a Hieroglyphics song.]

So you guys are always choppin' samples. You won't loop it?

S: We'll loop, we'll chop.

J: We'll do anything.

S: We rarely loop drums, but if nice ones come up we'll use 'em. There are people that get a little too uptight when it comes to some things—like they won't do something—and I think we've all been through stages where we won't do such and such. But if it's tight we'll do it.

G: I just choose to say I won't make a bad beat, or I might make one—I just won't let anyone hear it.

J: Nah, we get to hear 'em.

Do any of you play live instruments? Would you consider the sampler a live instrument?

J: The sampler is not a live instrument.

S: It's a tool.

J: The sampler is a computer, without being a nerd and using an actual computer to make your music.

S: You can use it to be musical.

So what are you trying to say... you're not a nerd?

J: Yes, I'm not a nerd—that's a fact.

G: I'm gonna say I'm not a nerd either.

I: I might be a bit of a nerd.

S: I'm a definite nerd.

Word up!

S: No. For real, a sampler's a sampler, and an instrument's an instrument. People can justify it and use all their terminology, but it gets a little corny. The sampler's not an instrument, but you can be musical with a sampler. You can be extremely musical. You can be more musical than a musician sometimes.

So you guys wouldn't consider yourselves musicians?

S: Oh yeah.

I: We do.

J: Yeah, we're musicians but you don't have to play a live instrument to be a musician. You gotta make music to be a musician: you gotta compose and write and perform.

So we're musicians on that level. Just to be as good as a blues guitar player—as a musician—doesn't mean that what I make my music on has to be a live instrument. It's different, but it's just as good in a different way. People get caught up on the turntable as a musical instrument, you can flip it and make it musical, but when it comes down to it you're still playing other people's records. I don't see the turntable as a musical instrument.

S: It's just as good but it's different words.

Do you sample from particular styles of music or do you use any kind of record?

G: Anything that has the right sound. There's obviously gonna be certain types of records that tend to have those better sounds. But I don't care if I use a polka record if it has something that I want on it. **J:** Any record where the drummer is the weirdest looking dude in the group, that's a good record. If the drummer has buckteeth or a tooth growing out of his forehead, buy that record. It's good, sample it. **S:** I just bought a drum set so I can be that guy.

So are you going to incorporate live drums into your tracks?

S: It could happen, but it's not a conscious thing. Like "Okay, now we're gonna come live," but I like playing music. I have a guitar and the drums, kools play keys, it's not like we're inhibited to just sampling. Of course sampling is the core of everything that we do.

What's your favorite Pink song?

S: Who?

PINK.

S: I like the new one, man.

I: Yeah that new one's crazy.

S: I didn't hear the whole album.

What's your motivation and goal in rapping and producing?

J: There is nothing fun about rap. We are dead serious about it. It will be our career and make us all of the money in the world until I am the most dominant man and I stand on top of Eators and everybody says, "Look, there is Jeff Spec, the successful rap man."

I: It's just what we love to do.

S: I would say before anything it just happens. You can formulate a reason why afterwards. We've always just been writing or producing.

I: It becomes a part of you too, it's your art, it's a part of your personality. It's what you need to be yourself. Just like anybody, a painter or a ball player, or whatever it is that you love to do. You have to do that: it's who you are.

What's your relation to the Halifax cats living out here now—like Moves and Josh Martinez?

I: Yeah those are our folks.

S: They're friends of ours. We work along different lines. Moves will hit one of us with a beat—or Sich has given beats to Josh Martinez. We have respectful views of each other. We like their stuff and they like ours, but it is very different.

So what about other local groups?

J: We hate them. Nah, we like all local groups. Yo, Checkmate and Con-Je I think are really dope. You know, there are different groups that we relate to on different levels, but we don't hate anybody. We could be friends with anybody, work with anybody, or just be friends with them and not work with them.

G: I just like people. There are lots of local groups and I may or may not like their music but it doesn't really matter as long as they're cool people. If they're happy and they're having a good time doing what they like to do, that's cool. I think that when you talk to younger people they hate on other crews and they hate on other artists cause there's still this conception like there's one record deal out there, and if they get it then I don't get it. And I'm sure we all had that when we were younger, too. But now if I make good music I'm gonna succeed because I make music for me. I agree with Jeff that I'm at work all day thinking about it, wishing I could be making music rather than being at work. But if I don't make money off music I'm not gonna be sad that I didn't succeed, like the world didn't see me as a great producer. I'm gonna be sad that I can't stay at home and make music all day.

Where were you when you first heard New Kids On The Block's "Hangin' Tough"?

[Sichuan curses and violently shakes his head.]

J: That was a magical day. I think I was in my school hallway, it was something like seventh grade. That was the hot shit to me, I just wanted to be down...

What do you think about the Rascalz, and more recently Moka and Swollen Members blowing up; do you see a "trend" in underground rap becoming more popular, and do you think you guys might be next in getting recognition?

S: I don't know about trends. As G was saying, there's enough to go around. There are people that prefer Swollen to the Rascalz and there are people that prefer the Rascalz to Swollen. As far as opening up more avenues for people who are independent like us, that's true. People might be accepting and understanding the independent thing a little more, so in that aspect it's good. I don't know about a trend because I think different people like different stuff.

I: I think maybe on a wider scale people are beginning to realize that all these underground cats have been packing the house for years. So why can't they be featured on a major label?

under review

recorded media

ALI AZIMIAN

ST
(131 Main Studios)

Ali Azimian has just moved to Vancouver, and he brings with him a wealth of talent. Think Talvin Singh meeting Dzhin & Kamien and you've got the gist. Loungey breakfasts with loads of film samples, strings, and movie themes. Space-age martini music for the pot-smoking jetset.

Caveat: there's lots of shit out there like this. So what makes this different? It is *really* well-produced, and the orchestral layout of the riffs, choruses, and samples are spot on. The beats are rough when they need to be rough and delicate when they need to be delicate, from subcontinental Indian style to Japanese guitar pluckings, always with a complicated layering of percussion, scratches, and deep sounds, from buried film samples to synths.

To be honest, Ali should be getting a tasty record deal with this demo soon enough, 'cause this is great shit for kicking back in that velvet red jacket with the vodka and the cranberry juice

with the friends and the Good Times.

lobias v

CAPOZZI PARK

The Record of Capozzi Park
(Independent)

Mark Szabo can write a great song. A thousand times better than other (former) local Dan Bejar. A thousand. But, unlike Destroyer, Szabo doesn't get much attention. It's because Mark's a weirdo. He plays his guitar upside-down. He plays a right-handed guitar left-handed. So he strums towards his belly. It's like singing into a microphone while standing on your head. And his custom-made electric guitar is square. Okay, it's more of a rectangle. A rectangular box.

Szabo plays purposely shitty, too. Well, I don't know if it's on purpose, and really, it's not shitty, but it'll sound that way to you at first—slightly out of time, clumsy picking—so Capozzi Park sounds messy. But you have to listen. Every song (except for "Max2000", which sounds like a medley of jam sessions turned into 34

minutes of death [much like "Recurring Dreams" (I don't have a whole afternoon to waste for the patience (not that I have any of that))]) on *The Record of Capozzi Park* is a diamond covered in charcoal.

If it weren't for the annoying keyboards from outer space, and if Szabo's guitar sounded more like it had some testicles, I could call this album great.

Christa Min

DAHLIA

emotion cycles
(Auditory Culture)

Capturing a fairy on film is difficult. They are very small and they hide behind flowers, their songs float into our ears, lose us deep into the forest until it is night and everything is purple, the world circling, the fairies singing, flying. I caught a lucky one on my birthday, wings beating as I came upon the music, because she knew, and let me.

Days past, the fairy voices ethereal like dew, rain drops the beating pulse of fairy dance, stars and moon all a different harmony, whispering about

those lured and lost to fairy lust, the trees, the bugs and the flowers, like dahlias, hiding under the winter.

Cato

DJ COLETTE

Our Day
(EMD/Nettwerk)

DJ Colette has smoky eyes and red lips. Her hair is bleached blond and she sings. She mixes her own house too. She is from LA, where music is born, or departs to discover the big world outside. I know this because I have lived in that city of demons, and many of my friends do not realize the significance of the '80s and the beat of that music in the city where funk was still alive, before America turned it to trash, before decadence lost itself in too much music....

Our Day goes through deep vocal house—voice of Colette featured on several tracks, beautiful—mixes echoes of Daft Punk, then solid house, before moving into a slightly more repetitive tech-house beat and bringing us back down to song. The beat pulses, pulses though the body, reminiscent of the flow of night, dancing, taking you into the early morning, moving like that.

Cato

ENSEMBLE ABSTRACT

Stendhal's Syndrome
(Pacific Force)

An experiment in sound begins

with a hypothesis: new levels in sound attained by letting musicians respond to one another in free form. In the process, competent musicians are assembled and they make a basic musical roadmap with some planned elements but mostly improv. The resulting album is a lot more musical than you would expect from such an abstract experimental concept: at parts melodious, at parts rhythmic. Very jazzy, very nice.

A different sound for each ensemble, three ensembles in all, long improv sessions, and then we begin to hear the instruments talking to each other, the notes, words and stories, sometimes crashing, and soft again. Funny, jazz as logic and math on the CD cover amidst non-chaos.

Cato

F-MINUS
Suburban Blight
(Hellcat)

In this corporate world of ours, self-esteem can be bought with \$. Or, alternatively, it can be propped up by booze. The sad irony is that booze costs \$. Water, of course, is free. Beware watered-down booze. It is a waste of \$. To maximize your booze-to-\$ ratio, drink only hard booze—without water.

The same logic can be applied to punk rock. Punks have very few \$. Watered-down punk rock is a waste of limited \$. But \$ spent on this F-Minus

album is \$ well-spent. For two hours of training wage (thanks for nothing, Gordon Campbell—you cocksucker!), a punk gets: a) twenty 100-proof songs b) played by two angry men and two angry-but-lovely ladies c) railing against the many evils of this corporate world (white-collar crime, globalism, materialism, organized religion), and d) directions on how to build Molotov cocktails and homemade grenades. Literally, good bang for a your \$.

So, forget Coors Light and Millencolin—blow your \$ on a sixer of rye and this F-Minus CD. Your self-esteem will soar. You will revel in your drunken brokedom. You will hate The Man. You will experience something \$ can't buy: the pure, high-octane buzz of alcoholic destitution and angry righteousness.

Jamie McLaren

FIYAH

Accra
(Independent)

Bare and honest, perhaps under-produced, Fiyah have a fire burning and are dancing around it in the fervent, cultic worship of a bass, drums and horns deity, the vocalists mesmerizing for a lost reggae Moloch. They are absorbed in their performance, dedicated and intense, projecting a fanaticism for their style which makes a virtue of the album's low production values. *Accra's* 10 tracks

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3:00-5:00PM

Record played most often on your show:

1 play the *Motorcycle Scramble Sound Effects* LP every show!

Record you would save in a fire:

Probably The Scramblers' *Cycle Psychos* LP.

Record that should burn in hell:

Anything "R&B."

Worst band you like:

Metalloaf

First record you bought:

David Bowie, *Changes*.

Last record you bought:

Hal Blaine, *Deuces, Ties, Roadsters* and *Drums*.

Musician you'd most like to marry:

Ann-Margret.

Favourite show on CITR:

Narduar the Human Serviette Presents...

Strangest phone call received while on air:

Some guy from White Rock who always babbles to me in German while sitting on the toilet! •



are all either minimally mixed or one-take studio cuts. But at their best, the band feeds off of its own variations like on those fine old jazz recordings. This unbeliever then begins to bump and sway. "It's so true," I think, "synchronized movement is the rhythm," and a bass line answers: "it is so."

Pastor and preacher to the ceremony, the vocals are not chanting cycles, but carry an intellectual weight of opposite intent to the poly-oriented instrumental appeals.

Originating as a band in Ghana, Fiyah's earnest vocalists Douglas Thistle Walker and Heiko Decosas are Christian souls of the C of E (Vancouver chapter) gone native on the dark continent and herein recorded murmuring heresies about the grace of sound from something like a low stage at Speck Club Mombassa, supported by a 4/4 rhythm, horns, keyboard and the occasional violin, and owing far more at this point to Babylon than to Westminster.

Freed from Cardinal regulation, these missionaries have become throbcore but content, like streetwise evangelists who have surrendered to the impenetrability of their distracted audience and are spinning further and further into a theology of their personal associations. For example: "Feather and cord / crave angelic motion / to float through space and time.

My vision is rusty / but the edges still shine" laments sullied angel Thistle-Walker on "Addicted to Movement," before calling "Escape, I said."

The instrumental stable resembles nothing so much as a dance band slowed down and drawn out, its normal functioning artfully warped according to, perhaps, those unstable, non-dance hall iambic vocal cadences. The players are also often extremely good, particularly the drummer, and rather than being fazed by this unfamiliar element they appear freed by it to new forms of note-smithing. "Yo yo" Ankar (kit drums) and Kiki Gyan (keyboard) are not Herero ranchers sealed in tribal custom. They are more likely to invite you in to their nightclub, part of a modern Africa you may see soon enough on CNN but will find no trace of in the rural artifacts populating your record store's "world beat" section.

There, as the band performs, perhaps one may spot President Mugabe arranging an arms-for-diamonds deal from the comfort of a padded booth, or dozing military irregulars on tuckered out from furlough. Dream on, sleeping Lost Boys, because although that well-oiled Browning .50 calibre will not help you against the British paras arriving at first light, it will be the continent's soul which saves your children from its cruel history. And ours.

Mullein Bus

GHOST ORCHIDS

Architecture EP

(Global Symphonic)

My anemia was acting up so I went out to the store and bought some miso and spirulina and orange juice. My friend Bubba over at the Adnack Street House came and clipped my widow's peak for me. I put the spirulina in the orange juice and sat looking out the window at the rainy gray east side, wishing I lived in a city with an active nightlife—like San Francisco—so I could let my true inner disco disco diva run free instead of sublimating everything into some quasi-Thatcherite aesthetic dwarfism. Fuck dude, it sucks being a vegan vampire.

Lilitu

GOLD CHAINS

S/T

(Ortholing Musokio)

This album was produced and mastered by dub techno master Joshua Kit Clayton and put out on his label Ortholing Musokio. The words and music are by Topher Lafata, and the project sounds like—how can I explain it...it's like this you're a white boy cruising the neighbourhood in a Ford Tempo with a broken antenna, with a stock stereo and with this odd combination of bad rap with bad lyrics (yet oh so bad that they are oh so good) not boom! but fazzing out your speakers. This is like anti-rap rap music that has been

really well produced, making you wonder if 1. The Entire Thing Is A Joke or 2. The Entire Thing Is A Conceptual Art Project or 3. The Entire Thing Is Just Plain Weird—which is exactly where it should be this is Ortholing Musokio, and it is good to know that they are so consistently releasing music that so categorically denies categorization, nevertheless categorization, produced musical projects that blow the mind and the ears with a sense of humour; this is like taking Kinko and Cex and packing them full of nails.

tobias v

CLIVE HOLDEN W/ JASON TAIT, CHRISTINE FELLOWS AND JOHN K. SAMSON

Trains of Winnipeg

(Endearing/Cyclops Press)

This CD, paired with Holden's breathtaking website, (www.trainsofwinnipeg.com), creates a multimedia project which is at once ambitious and yet so simple that it's a wonder no other Canadian writer thought of it first (what with Canadian writers being so imaginative and all). By recalling inherently Canadian images—such as prairie winds, long and deserted highways, the ailing face of the late Al Purdy and, of course, cross-country trains—Nanaimo-born and Winnipeg-based poet Clive Holden has crafted an ode to the confluence of his personal and national identities.

Unfortunately, the album succumbs to the sometimes pretentious nature of poetry backed by music on many of the tracks, but the bone-jarring emotional impact of such tracks as "Death at Neepawa" and "Babbette" more than atones for any shortcomings. Add to Holden's power of imagery and sentiment the postmodern piano phrasings of Christine Fellows and the recognizably wistful tag-team guitar phrasings of Jason Tait and John K. Samson (all fellow Winnipeggers), and you get a potent mixture that is sometimes mysterious, sometimes sad, sometimes menacing, and sometimes even overwrought and schlocky, but almost always informative. It sheds light on the recesses of the human condition and, for better or worse, the Canadian Identity—as the country each person lives in is defined by what we make of it and do within it. If there is such a thing as positive and constructive patriotism, Clive Holden has committed it to this disc.

Spike

DAMIAN JURADO

1 Break Chairs

(Sub Pop)

Well, Damian Jurado has put out a new album. When I placed the CD in my car stereo I was taken a bit back. Damian has gone quite rock. The introduction track "Paperwings" is

full of overdriven electric guitar. It was a sort of Pete Seeger to his Bob Dylan. So I skipped the track, and mumbled "what the hell?" "Dancing," the second track, had the same buzzy guitar, but that sort of started to warm me. By the third song I found myself humming along. Damn it, I think I like it. By this time "Inevitable" took stage and I was sort of hooked.

Damien found my soft spot again, I'm too much of a sucker for a nice melody and a pretty voice. It was all downhill from here, I had to like the album. There is even a nice glockenspiel on one song. Give in, you know you want to.

juj doudlard

RICHARD LAINHART

Ten Thousand Shades of Blue

(XI)

Electro-Acoustic composer Richard Lainhart celebrates two decades worth of his recorded music with the release of this double CD, *Ten Thousand Shades of Blue*. Compositions date from the mid-'70s (Disc 1) through to the end of the '80s (Disc 2) showcasing the composer's evolving stylistic developments. "Bronze Cloud Disk" features a 28-inch cymbal

BONUS REVIEWS

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bowed with multiple overdubs and filtering while "Two Mirrors Face One Another" features much the same technique as applied to six Japanese temple bells. "Cities of Light" features the composer's own multi-tracked voice using multi-phase techniques à la Tibetan Buddhist monks.

Later works from his '80s period, like the title track and "Staring at the Moon," explore the relationships between real-time performances with computer music systems which utilize additive synthesis programs, allowing the composer greater control over the final sound details.

Finally, "Walking Slowly Backwards" features a live recording of the composer playing the vibes with a minimum of electronic processing. This last work seems a natural out-come to his bowed and multi-tracked work of the '70s through his more intricate period in the '80s.

While the overall scope of the sounds available here could be described as ambient, the music demands attentive listening, as opposed to the usual wallpaper effect that the term implies. Much like the work of the minimalist composers of the '70s (i.e. Reich, Reilly) in terms of small shifting details over a long period of time, Linnhart investigates similar terrain without the heavy emphasis on rhythmic repetition and coun-

terpoint. Textural in nature, much of this work should appeal to fans of trance music with its long drones of minute fluctuations in texture and dynamics.

Ten Thousand Shades of Blue will certainly lead one in to a deep beta state if listened to at full length. Keep still and pay attention, if you can.

PC

PIEDMONT SORPID

Wilferforce
(daintydeath)

In the snow-covered mountains of the southern Slovac, you might find *Piedmont Sorpid*. Residing in some sort of lonely shack, cursing as the gas-powered generator gives out under the stress of his electronic this and that. Giving the generator a kick and a slap, *Piedmont Sorpid* continues to make some electro-acoustic noise and beats. I picture sweat pants, yes I believe *Piedmont Sorpid* wears sweat pants. His music is good, too. I think that people who wear sweat pants around the house eventually break down, and run a quick out-of-house errand without removing them. These people who claim that they are comfortable slowly become the people with sweat pants and fanny packs at your local shopping center, but hey, there is nothing wrong with that.

joy devilard

REMOVAL

There Can Be Only One
(removalmusic)

Seemingly a concept album of sorts, this local instro-outfit's third full-length proposes that lyric-less music such as theirs can say as much, if not more, than your average song with usually meaningless, empty lyrics. Removal's potent, if not sometimes slightly repetitive, concoction of the bass-heavy, chunky, funky hardcore of *Bad Brains*, *The Minutemen*, and, of course, *Removal's* own mentors, *NoMeansNo*, mixed with deliberate, Clapton-era *Cream* licks and quizzical samples of such non sequiturs as string sections, modern tones, traffic sounds and varied spoken word clips strewn throughout. The Removal cocktail is spiked with synths, scratches and loops to give it that foreboding nuance of a future past that might be when it all goes to hell in a handbasket. Less heavy and more adventurous than past efforts.

Spike

STICKY RICE

Take Out
(Bobby Dazzler)

"Hm, is this supposed to be Canada's version of *Shonen Knife*, or something?" I thought as I popped in the debut CD from this all-female Toronto trio. But the very first track, "Defenses Down," told me this is not cringeworthy

two with cute Asian accents. Instead it is hard-hitting guitar pop with '70s and '80s arena rock and punk influences and cuspious vocal harmonies, à la Sloan, but with a Go-Go's twist. The punkier latter half of the recording belies an innate fixation with early 90s femme-grunge, championed by a wide selection of obvious influences such as *Bikini Kill* and the *Breeders*. Rock on, Rice Girls!

Spike

NOBUKAZU TAKEMURA

Sign
(Thrill Jockey)

Although the album itself is a little dull (too casual to be *Merzbow*... too slippery to be *Tortoise*), the bonus animation CD (by Katsura Moshino) is pure gold. It seems to be the story of a team of heroic mutants—led by a robotic rabbit and a mysterious samurai shaman—who confront the injustices of the military-industrial complex, all set to the music of the first song on the album. Now that I have pictures to go along with it, I like it much better. Beware: not all computers can handle the high-resolution animated component. The rest of the album's not that great, either.

Demon

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Buy Nothing Day: The Album
(Independent)

Local personality, activist, and political cartoonist Ted Dave

has collected together some of the best of Vancouver's eclectic independent music community to create this "compilation" and generate awareness about the annual *Adbusters*-created *Buy Nothing Day*. The event takes place on the Friday of the American Thanksgiving Day weekend, acknowledged by retailers as the busiest shopping day in the entire year. It's meant to "celebrate" the fact that we can change the world by how we choose to spend or not spend our hard-earned dollars.

This compilation features previously unreleased gems like Veda Hille's cover of *NoMeansNo's* epic, "The River," and a long-lost *Sarcastic Mannequins* (Beez's, from the *Smugglers*, original band) track, "The Smile That Costs a Fortune (Money)." Other jewels include the post-rock skronk of *Proud Boy's* "No Deal, No Way, No How" and the glee-clunk punk anarchy of *Submission Hells* "Purchasing Power of the Paranoid and Hopeless."

Summed up, this collection of songs is generally a good representation of what's going on in Vancouver's action-oriented music underground with the advent of 2002. These songs, all donated by the participating artists, are only available in the annoying Realaudio format at www.teddave.com/Nothingcd.html or via the artists themselves, in limited quantities. Although the effort is truly grassroots (i.e. you can't buy the

CD, with good reason), it is a novel activism concept and a truly entertaining listen.

Spike

VARIOUS ARTISTS

We Came From Beyond
(BMG/Razor & Tie)
Based on his radio show *We Came From Beyond*, LA DJ Mike Nardone has compiled an album that represents the vitality and creativity of the hip-hop underground even as mainstream rap cycles itself through a disco era. For more than 13 years, Nardone has been viewed by underground musicians as a fearless trailblazer, helping to launch many music careers. As artists would bring him demos to play on the air and he would bring them into the studio, Nardone helped to break acts like *Cypress Hill* and *Jurassic 5* as well as paving the way for countless others including *Hieroglyphics* and *Freestyle Fellowship*.

With songs representing styles from the Bay to the Twin Cities, this record tackles many important topics. For example, *Dilated Peoples* asks: "Beer vs. Weed (you make the choice)," and *Blackalicious* ponders the merits of a "40oz for Breakfast." With a tight remix of *Beastie Boys* "Fass the Mic," as well as notable contributions by *AVOL-*One and *Eyedea*, this is a great record to pop in whether you're chilling with friend or hanging out, smoking a joint solo style.

Chicki Chim

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tr001

* not actual cover

Hello *Discorder* readers! Those of you who are devoted readers may notice a few changes this month. Well, just one change. We at *Discorder* would like to take this time to welcome Sara, our new Under Review editor! Actually, we at *Discorder* would like to take this time to go for dinner, leaving Sara to fill the extra space at the bottom of this page with a self-congratulatory welcome note: I hope that you all enjoy how little influence my personality has on these pages. And I hope I am invited to dinner next month....



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THE DEARS Thursday, November 29 Picadilly Pub

I went to this show just to see the Dears. No other reason. How great the Dears were. They didn't play my favourite song, but they did make me want to buy their new CD. I had heard the CD a couple of times and wasn't so impressed. But now I love it. And I'm glad they played a couple of the songs from it that evening. I'm glad they convinced me. It was weird seeing so many people crowded up on that stage. It was utterly wonderful seeing a flute, organ, guitar, drums, and the kitchen sink. They incorporate it all so well. This is a wonderful band.

I took my boyfriend who didn't like the CD but was instantly converted after the show. He maintains that they sound way better live.

They have the best lead singer ever; kind of '60s, a little like Morrissey. Super-dramatic with his delivery, he made me feel like I should be wasting my day, staring in the windows of

Tiffany's. It's music to listen to at the end of the world. It made me want to make out with my boyfriend. I love this band.

I listen to them incessantly and I was ecstatic when I found out they were going to play here. I was sort of surprised to see so many people there. But they cleared out fairly soon and I had more than enough room to bop around in. I can't explain it, listening to them live just filled me with glee. The venue was perfectly intimate.

If you're reading this because you were there, you don't need me to tell you how great it was. If you're reading this 'cause you're curious about the music, just go buy *End of a Hollywood Bedtime Story*. And if you're reading this because you kind of regret missing the show, I know your pain. *Soul Coughing* at the Starfish Room four years ago.

Robin Fisher

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS
ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN
Sunday, December 2

Commodore Ballroom
Both the Psychedelic Furs and Echo and the Bunnymen have

The Dears @ Pic Pub

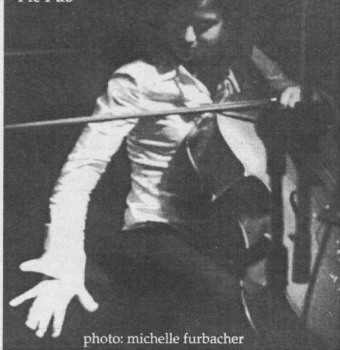


photo: michelle furbacher

played Vancouver at least once in the past several years, but nothing made me more than to see these two acts pair up for an '80s-inspired evening of old school pop music fun.

First up were the Furs. Different this time from their show last April was the addition of a keyboard player. Hooryay! Remember those guys? Those lonely looking characters, usually tucked in at stage rear,

diligently tickling the ivories in the long-gone pre-grunge days of yore? It just made sense that such an important band of the '80s would bring back probably the most definitive instrument of that decade. Although sparsely attended at first (likely because the show started promptly at 9... And I mean promptly folks. Don't ever be late for a Commodore show, or you'll lose, lose, lose) things lightened up a bit into their hour-long set. Fans were treated to favorites spanning their career such as "Heaven," "President Gas" and "Heartbreak Beat." But the high moment came when the stage was bathed in a glow of fuchsia to the tune of "Pretty in Pink." I'm sure I wasn't the only girl who felt like a young Molly Ringwald at that moment. Front man Richard Butler seemed to be serenading the front row as outstretched hands reached up to show their approval. One even handed him a pink rose. Sweet touch, I thought. Overall, these guys were fantastic to hear and see, as their enthusiasm and very obvious love for the stage made for big energy from the crowd. Butler's beautifully raspy vocals have aged like a fine wine in their 20-year career and with his dozens of smiles and "thank yous" at the end of their set, you couldn't help but love this man. He was wearing a pearl choker, for

God's sake! That's cool in my books.

Forty minutes later, the Bunnymen took the stage. Vocalist Ian MacCulloch's back lit big hair in silhouette was eye-catching and he apologized for having "a touch of the flu." Welcome to Vancouver, Ian. By now the mostly 30-something crowd was filled out and the two or three beer had kicked in. People were dancing, people were bouncing, people were singing. Like the Furs, they had six members on stage (keyboards included!) and they too sounded not a day over 1986. Although not as animated as the act before them, somehow Ian just standing at the mic with shades and a smoke as trippy, swirling pictures danced on the screen behind seemed to work. Their repertoire was speckled with hits from "Bring on the Dancing Horses" to the crowd pleaser "The Killing Moon," and some neat-o covers like James Brown's "Sex Machine" and the Doors' "Roadhouse Blues." And for all you *Lost Boys* fans, yes, they did do their soundtrack version of "People are Strange." From close to the stage to far at the back, they sounded perfect.

Despite the odd teen-memory added thought of "I must be getting old or something," I was very grateful to acts such as these two for keeping the good old-fashioned pop music genre

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(Jeff of Slogan)
Moses Sterling
(Jesse of The Accident)

FEB 18 : INDIE
Run Chico Run
Dream On Dreary
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alive and well. And anyone who went to this gig to see "old '80s acts" was, I'm sure, pleased with both bands' abilities to remain very valid pop acts of not only yesterday, but today as well.

Corien

SAUL WILLIAMS
Saturday, December 2
I-Spy
Seattle

There were many good-looking fans and a good vibe going as soon as I walked into the I-Spy. Saul Williams' performance was a combination of spoken word, rock and hip hop. Although some people in the crowd weren't digging the rock aspects of the show, others were, and it was obvious that Saul was being true to himself. There were parts with drum and bass beats that were very ill. Saul performed with a keyboard, cello, violin, drums, and electric guitar. He played some of his new stuff and told people to donate blood. The whole audience felt the lyrical content when he rocked the mic, and he rocked the mic. Saul's delivery was captivating.

Carlos

SOLID STEEL TOUR:
DK, STRICTLY KEV,
BONOBO AND FOUR TET
Thursday, December 6
Sonar

The NinjaTune website is one of

the best elements of the NinjaTune clan. They have about 10,000 sub-sites and years ago, I discovered their forum. I tried to write this review for the show I attended by surfing their forum. I learned about some crazy world leaders called the "Bohemian Grove," George the Monkey, or Bush Jr., is a member. Supposedly it's a sort of pagan thing where they dance around a giant owl statue... I refuse to research further. But the Ninja-provided knowledge brought back my enthusiastic support of NinjaTune.

The Solid Steel Tour, which was meant as a promo tour for both the DK & Strictly Kev hip hop mix CD (as well as Four Tet's new album *Pause*) was what decreased my bowing to the mighty ninjas. This useless reporter had a few moments to chat with Mr. Four Tet and Kieran, but I'll get into that in a moment.

First off, let me say that NinjaTune has a huge following. It's not hard to sell out their shows. And for good reason, they get it going in so many ways. The hits from DK Koolha to Scruff. DK and SK did too, but in a "let's play the hits with two new tricks thrown in" kind of way. The hits weren't a lot of Solid Steel hip hop, but top tracks from many genres of electronic biz. The nice tricks I remember were: (1) Pharoahe Monch turned into

Adams Family theme, and (2) the *Beat's* "Mirror in the Bathroom" with added jungle beats. I expected more continuity within their set and just more interesting things; they had four turntables and two talented guys up there!

Four Tet was an interesting fellow. His second DJ set was a waste of time, to be honest. It's too bad I missed his first set when he played mostly all his own tracks. His own music is rich in creativity, mood and thoughtfulness. Buy his album!

I spoke with the guy (who I don't remember having a goatee, though *The Straight* reported he did) and I learned that he is just as influenced by experimental techno of the Vogel-style as he is interested in classical jazz and folk. Opera was not to his liking, but his interest in hip hop was based on his love for its inclusiveness. Hip hop, he felt, was an open-minded approach to hybridizing music to build tunes bigger than the sum of their parts. I suppose that's what he meant by playing music from Briney Spears to that "whoop, there it is" song, not to mention some Joni Mitchell.

Overall, DK and Strictly Kev should have put more work into it... oh yeah, BonoBo, who went on just before them: thanks for coming out. Nevertheless, long live Four Tet

and NinjaTune, but better luck next time.

Cyrus B.

ANGELS OF LIGHT
VIRGIL SHAW AND THE
KILLER VIEWS
Sunday, December 9
Piccadilly Pub

There was this lion playing percussion, and a racoon playing the kick drum and the keyboards at the same time, and a coyote playing a Stingray and singing solo! Then there was a man, a weathered fellow with a pat and a thumb filled with glue.

It was like a herd of buffalo running around your heart. Gira, forced to end before we had had enough, sang "God Damn the Sun" as we put on our coats. Certainly one of the best shows I have seen.

Christa Min

DUB NARCOTIC SOUND
SYSTEM
EVAPORATORS
OPERATION MAKEOUT
THE GOBLINS

Friday, January 4
UBC Sub Party Room
Nardward, I met the man in the bathroom. But that's another story. Pop and fanzines were served with glee in the Party Room but waiting beer. I got to discover the Pit Pub for the first time; also another story. *The Goblins* took the stage first setting the Nardward tone for the evening complete with ska riffs, cornball costumes, and sweat. Nice start. If you're reading for *Operation Makeout*, I'm afraid beer intervened. I guess they were good emo if you're into that. More Nardward and the *Evaporators* followed. Inside the room and out, Nardward was the puppet master wearing his endearing tales and being the spectacle that he is. The kids liked the audience participation, especially since most of the audience was too cool or self-conscious to move their inert booties themselves.

The big guns from Olympia didn't need Nardward to make being in the rec room tolerable. Oh, Calvin Johnson how I wanted to see the real man ever since your days in *Beat Happening* and the low-fi scene's love and hate relationship with you. Chris Sutton's bass was rich and bubbling, providing the funk for Calvin's spastic energy. Dub don't do anything new musically. Rather, it's seeing kid-like adults being honest with the crowd about politics and egos (mostly Calvin's) that made them compelling. An odd venue with great bands; thanks be to the Serviette.

RobCr RobT

**DENIZ TEK AND THE
GOLDEN BREED**
NEW TOWN ANIMALS

**WITNESS PROTECTION
PROGRAM**

Saturday, January 5
Piccadilly Pub

I think Steve Godoy lives somewhere in California. I'm pretty sure Art Godoy lives in Vancouver. Deniz Tek lives in Billings, Montana. So for a band that only practices a few times a year, it sounded great, but fuck was I hot. I hate wearing coats. If you get hot, you have to take it off and carry it, and where does a coat fit into the dance routine? There are no coats in rock and roll. It was a little cold out, though, so instead, I wore three shirts. So I was hot. I guess I could've taken one of my shirts off and given it to Steve. He seemed to have lost his. I thought he was going to explode. He held his breath, flexed his neck, and cracked the ride until he was ready to blow up. Steve and Art sang a few *Exploding Funk Dolls* songs along with Tek's Birdman classics and Golden Breed originals. Mr. Tek, in case you didn't know, can play a fine guitar solo.

The New Town Animals are five boys with elastic faces whose songs are faster than a 15-year-old's beat-off session. I wish I could've seen *Witness Protection Program's* set. Some guy told me it was awesome.

Christa Min

**WESLEY WILLIS
GRAND BUFFET
CUSTOM ON IT**

Wednesday, January 9
Richard's on Richards
Soon after filing into Richard's, the packed house was greeted by *Grand Buffet*. This act consists of two MCs rapping and a Discman on stage supplying beats. Seriously: they had to bend down, select the next track, and press "Play" for

the high point of *Grand Buffet's* performance. The low points included one of the MCs repeatedly challenging some idiot on the balcony to an on-stage fight; after said idiot threw some plastic on stage. The other member, perhaps suffering from some bizarre form of OCD, not only applied deodorant mid-song, but also found time to brush his teeth onstage. Better than fighting, certainly, but nothing that I felt like watching.

The other openers were *Custom On It*, a lightweight hard rock band from Chicago. Things took a turn towards tire-some once this group took the stage. These are guys who likely dropped out of high school to take auto shop, then dropped out of auto shop to take a case of Pabst to the parking lot outside of the *White Snake* show. When I wasn't feeling embarrassed for the singer's postured dances with the mic stand and choreographed layer-by-layer clothing removal, I tried to guess whether or not the drummer was a session man. His work was the only redeeming part of *Custom On It's* set. Unfortunately for him, people go to shows hoping to see quality bands, not drum clinics, so he couldn't save his clients.

Of course, nobody had lined up for blocks to see *Grand Buffet* or *Custom On It*; they had lined up to see a colossal schizophrenic man named Wesley Willis. Formerly homeless, Willis now writes simple songs about celebrities, eating, and just about anything else that comes to his mind. To clarify: when I say "simple songs," I mean "simple" in the most extreme form of the word, and "songs" in only the very loosest sense. Each of Willis' programmed keyboard songs is

fig 1a

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fig 1b

fig 1c

fig 1d

fig 1e

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Wesley Willis @ Richard's on Richards

photo: dave gaertner

every song. *Grand Buffet* proclaimed themselves "The Barenaked Ladies of Rap" (dubious bragging rights, at best), which neatly characterized the spirit of their two goofy sets. Obviously experienced and confident, they demonstrated far more skill than commercially dominant rec room gang idols *The Bloodhound Gang*. A kiddie sing along, "Let's Go Find a Cat," had the crowd responding as if in a Fred Penner flashback, and was

exactly the same. Not just similar, but exactly identical in any way a musician could care to notice. Luckily for the crowd, his stage show is far from boring. Willis interacts with the audience well, he drinks nearly a dozen cups of sweetened milk during a single set, and his switches between fast rants and doleful bellowing make for quite a spectacle. With constant touring and a vast catalogue of releases, this spectacle is gaining Wesley Willis—and

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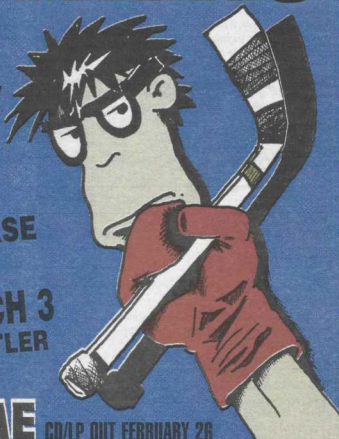


**SATURDAY
MARCH 2**
THE COBALT
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PARTY

SUNDAY MARCH 3
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MY GAME

CD/LP OUT FEBRUARY 26



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Operation Makeout Five: Bass GDEP • There's never a dull moment with
embracing lips, sexual postures and swooping saliva, and Operation Makeout
achieves its mission, sealed with a kiss. (Chart) \$12ppd

**SATURDAY MARCH 2, SEYLYNN HALL, NORTH VANCOUVER (6^{PM})
BIRTHDAY OF ALL-AGES SHOWS AT SEYLYNN HALL) — SATURDAY
MARCH 9, PICCADILLY PUB (ANNA MAKEOUT'S BIRTHDAY PARTY
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New Town Animals Is Your Radio Active? CD & LP • Brand new video for
"Three Steps Backwards" coming soon to a TV near you! Nick Jell, Chuck,
Savie and Bobby "dispose with two decades worth of musical progress since
punk was new and (some toll) puns" (Promotional) CD/LP \$12ppd

**SATURDAY FEBRUARY 23, BRICKYARD (WITH WEDNESDAY NIGHT
HEROES, BLACKJACKS, WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM)**

DuoTang The Bright Side CD • Album #3 by Winnipeg's "mad couple" —
request their new video for "The Evidence Comes From All Directions" They
deconstruct their hipster stereotyped, while still punching out mad rock
every bit as driving and on point as they ever have. Tricky backside." (Pitchfork) \$12ppd

Tennessee Twin

Free To Do What?
CD • Cindy Wolfe & Co.'s debut album
release. With an all-star cast, including the
New Pornographers' Kurt Dahlen & Todd
Fancy, Blue Lodge Quince's Shane
Nelson & Cassi, a Madder Accordionista Naja
Martin, Monica Chazaway and Mark
Thebaud — the album was recorded on
beautiful Galliano Island by John and Dave
of the J/DC hit machine. A charmingly
down-to-earth unpretentious slice of BC
Rainforest Folkcountry with a valley girl
twang! \$12ppd

**RECORD RELEASE PARTY:
TUESDAY FEBRUARY 26
RAILWAY CLUB (WITH THE EWOKS)**

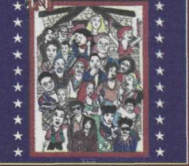
Various Artists

Carolyn Mark &
Her Room-Mates Present a Tribute to the
Soundtrack of Robert Altman's NASHVILLE
CD • Conn Slater (along with Neko Case)
Carolyn Mark realizes a lifelong dream
with this release: to record a tribute to
that amazing late mid-'70s ensemble
moviemusical, Nashville. So with a backing
band of Tolan McNeil and Garth Johnson,
Carolyn recorded a bunch of her
favourite singers and friends including
Kelly Hogan, The Sadies' Dallas Good, Neko
Case, the Conn Sisters, Carl Newman,
Cindy Wolfe, The Business Chaple, Dove
Dawson, Conned Harts's Robert Dayton,
and others to create a touching, faithful and sincere representation of that
Famous Film. \$12ppd

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NASHVILLE



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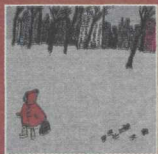
Mark Kleiner Power Trio

Love To Night
CD • Two years after leaving Vancouver abruptly
for the Promies to follow his muse ("Called to God"
ran the story), Mark Kleiner the son of a preacher
man and ex-Junglist Bopier, Lovers Branded, come
back to the West Coast, teamed up with Kurt
Dahlen (New Pornographers) and Peter Bazzard of
Flash Bastard as Gochorn Sound, and matched this
can pop-rock gems of pure sunshine bliss. "God
basically just wanted me to take a breather from
the West Coast rattle dazzle and focus a little
more on my songwriting," explains Kleiner "I
thought He was looking for a full-time commitment, but apparently I was wrong." \$12ppd



young and sexy

stand up for your mother
CD • A lush five-piece featuring coed co-lead
vocals, young and sexy serves up elaborate and
hugely pop that might have you drinking or
Guided by Voices, Pleasant Mac, and the
Carpenters, but maybe that's just us. The highly
opinionated Robert Dayton of Conned Harts says
"young and sexy are one of those musical groups
on the cusp. They're ready to break out of their
cocoon and become a big beautiful butterfly with
their new rock pop sounds... and blushing nar-
meters." (Whore!) We just like the album! \$12ppd



RECORD RELEASE PARTY:

TUESDAY MARCH 2, WISE HALL

Volumizer

Gaga For Gigi CD • Brand new pro-
ject by Bill Happer-Henry (Painted Blood), Rodney
Graham (J3R/K3), Jade Blade (Dishrag), and
Shannon Okasen (visual artist): Volumizer. On the
other side of the Mint spectrum but also sporting
J/DC's King Midas touch, comes a different kind
of Vancouver alt-rock collaboration. Together with
John Cody they've created a bus-stop punk rock
document that looks wacky back while scoring
firmly in the present. \$12ppd

RECORD RELEASE PARTY:

**SATURDAY MARCH 9, PICCADILLY PUB
(aka ANNA MAKEOUT'S BIRTHDAY PARTY WITH CLOVER HONEY,
OPERATION MAKEOUT, THE EWOKS, AND MORE)**

volumizer gaga for gigi



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Alternative Tentacles Records—a lot of money, and it also seems to make Willis quite cheerful on stage. As long as people are willing to pay money for a friendly and legal equivalent to a freakshow (while accomplished artists play to nearly-empty houses), he will be able to make a living this way. Although I wish Wesley Willis the best of luck in winning them over, I won't be one of the suckers.

Michael Schwartz

LOVAGE
NO LUCK CLUB
Thursday, January 10
Richard's Richards

I really don't think that Lovage's music is appropriate for dancing. Unless it's the close-quarters, soulful-gaze type of dancing that is a traditional precursor to a far more interesting variety of bodily gyrations. Nevertheless, the kids were writhing and twisting away on the floor, not appreciating that it was lovmeking music they were hearing.

The night started with some music of a more danceable variety, courtesy of **No Luck Club's** able turntable work. After about an hour of that and a long between-sets pause, Lovage finally took the stage at the midnight hour. This band fills the void left by Serge Gainsbourg with such able musicians as Dan the

Automator, Mike Patton, Kid Koala, and Jennifer Charles. The costumes were great: stiletto heels and smoking jackets making the stage seem like some fabled backroom of the Playboy mansion's pre-silicone heyday. Both vocalists were in excellent form: Charles kept her singing throaty and textured, while Patton shuffled through his usual repertoire of musical tricks. The scratching was flawless, of course. Each of the members maintained their sexy stage persona admirably, except the strangely flavorless bass player who didn't seem to have a personality. Just a joint, a bassline cop, and some solid playing.

Highlights included Patton raffling off a massive sausage, a display of foot fetishism, the guitar in leopard print underwear, and lots of spanking. The comedic climax of the evening was a masterful cover of **I La and Ja Rule's** "I'm Real." But with such excellent and diverse musicians on stage, comedy was the least of the evening's rewards. I hope Lovage continues on with more albums and more tours, but I have the feeling that it was just a one-time project.

Nahen Ruthman

TONY FALINE
GROOVEROBBER
Thursday, January 17
Richard's on Richards
This was my first time seeing

Tony Faline; one of the heavyweights of the Florida/Nu breaks scene. I'd seen DJ Fale twice last year but missed Faline every time he's hit town. I knew it was going to be cool seeing him at a club and not a party because of the smaller

break ruckus, which he took from the abrasive tech sounds to the old sappy E-bug chords and vocals. But, see, that's the cool thing about nu-breaks; whatever sounds play over these beats, the edge is always there because of the rapid, thunder-

Thursday, December 13
Ponga is a new Wayne Horvitz project whose name comes from a type of New Zealand greenery. Wayne (keyboards/electronics), is best known in these parts for Zony Mash, and in some respects doesn't wander

Herbie Hancock came to mind at first listen. What was amazing was how "organic" (hate that descriptor, but no better one comes to mind) a sound resulted with so many electronics and a sax player who often threw his own samples into the mix. Given the avant-jazz pedigree of the individual members, I was also pleasantly surprised to hear a very accessible music from the collective.

Ponga's strength lies in its tension/release dynamic and ability to create a swirling web of sound that is effective on several levels. Jazz eggheads can listen intently and be intellectually gratified, while the electronic/ambient lovers and the roots/jam crowd can get into a groove and chill, dance, or whatever. More chillin' than dancin', apparently, although Skerik did jump down to the dance floor and offer an interpretive solo number at the beginning of the second set. I hadn't been to the ANZA in awhile and had forgotten what a cool venue it can be. Crisp new sound system in there, too. With several downtown venues either dead or on deathwatch, it'd be good to see more promoters step up and do more shows here. All in all, a night of many pleasant surprises!

Val C.



The Dears@Pic Pub

venue and smaller wife-beater crowd. This was one of those cases where everyone was there for the DJ, which makes for a lot more dancin' heads.

Grooverobber warmed it up until about 12:15 and then Faline came on. Seeing dudes like him (early 30s maybe) help to reassure oneself that, yes, music is beyond fads and stages. On came the electro

ous hip-hop-influenced beats. Also, it maintains the balance of not having any scraps, and not having any glow sticks and E-bugs either. Players like Tony Faline are needed every once in a while to keep those well-balanced breaks alive in this town.

Boon Kondo

PONGA
ANZA Club

far from that vibe in Ponga. Joining him were Skerik from Critics Buggin' on sax/electronics, Dave Palmer (keyboards/electronics), and Bobby Previte (drums).

It was refreshing to see a couple of 30-somethings and a couple of 40-somethings entertain a room of mostly 20-somethings. No surprise, then, that early-'70s Miles Davis and

A Guide to Beautiful Music by Pamela Lau

photo by Brad Nisbett

Three years ago, drummer and electronic music intellectual Brady Cranfield had the impulse to put on a small music festival. He was inspired by the Festival of Drifting, organized by Labradford; he titled his own festival Beautiful Music, and that first event was defined by ambient pop. The upcoming Beautiful Music—February 13-15 at The Sugar Refinery—is in the same spirit, if not the same aesthetic. Cranfield says that "onwards I think of the festival as more generically pop than specifically drift, ambient pop. The term, 'beautiful,' is a fig umbrella, after all. Come to think of it, so is 'pop.'" When asked why the festival is called "Beautiful Music," he replies "Because it is. The music, I mean. I'm so damn literal. Um, and subjective." Aesthetic subjectivity aside, Cranfield has several reasons for organizing the festival: "I have a lingering, anarchic sense of good music, man. Like, the '80s. And I love music. And I love my friends. But basically, there is so much really good music in the city right now. It needs to be heard. In this way, the festival is inherently worthwhile."

In choosing the acts, Cranfield says that "I am mindful of the acts I choose and the organization of the festival as a whole. I would organize a radio show the same way. In the future I'd like to stretch out and introduce more acts that are new to me and helpful to others. Like a social service."

Each night of Beautiful Music features a DJ or electronic music plus three bands or solo acts. The louder bands have been instructed to stay as mellow as possible and The Hive studio is going to record all three nights. The acts brought together under the umbrella of Beautiful Music are among the best musicians in Vancouver; below is a breakdown of who, what, when, where, and why.

Day 1, February 13

Soolah: Patrick Doady. Cranfield refers to him as a "nice young man" who does a regular night of "dreamy electronic music" at The Sugar Refinery.

Sherry Ostapovich: Solo electric guitar player who played at the first Beautiful Music. She uses pedals, sometimes with no inputs, "just the sounds passed from pedal to pedal. Maybe with some small noise to start the chain going. Sounds abstract yet refined. Her guitar stuff is reminiscent of Fahey-Brubbs-O'Rourke at times."

The Birthday Machine: Cranfield refers to the band as a "neuroses-heavy indie supergroup" and "a minor soap opera in the form of five people." But he's allowed to make these comments because he's their drummer. Scott Malin joins the band on bass and former bassist Chris Mita picks up the guitar and keyboards. Mike Hoffman (formerly of Gaze) and Stefan Udgell of The Beans round out the band with vocals, guitars, and sharp songwriting.

Please Car Tygh Runyan and Damon Henry from The Beans are joined by Richard Folgar. Their sound is, according to Cranfield, "Beane-Morrison-Labradford-Bachalman. Very nice bass and baritone guitar-based music. Some minor electronic beats. Occasional vocals. Subdued. Romantic."

Day 2, February 14

Joshua Stevenson: He may do a DJ set, a live set on laptop, or a bit of both. The music will be "mostly ambient with flashes of American psych underground." He's playing All Tomorrow's Parties (Sonic Youth's LA festival) as a member of Portland import collective Jackie-O Motherfucker.

Burquiatum Plaza: This is the solo project of Nick Krgovich from Pano (arguably Vancouver's best young band). Burquiatum Plaza is a mini-mall that he walks by all the time. The shops and buildings go down and down; the songs are run down and sad. Cranfield says that Krgovich is "young and charmed. The apple of The Hive's eye."

Rodney Graham: The superstar artist "was a member of Uprk5, a Vancouver post-punk-cum-new-wave supergroup with such important

Vancouver figures as Jeff Wall and David Wisdom. Now plays with members of The New Pornographers, The Smugglers, Zumpano, and The Evaporators." He should deliver a great solo set.

Parks and Rec: Christa Min has pointed out that if Sassy magazine still existed, The Secret Three would qualify for their "Cute Band Alert." This is relevant because Parks and Rec is Chris Harris from The Secret Three, backed by The Secret Three, with Nick from Pano on keyboards and Ida Nielson from The Beans playing trumpet. Harris will sing, and Cranfield promises "music for swooning and plotting revenge."

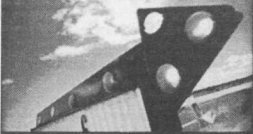
Day 3, February 15

Micrö Nice: Chris Harris' electronic alter ego, formerly known as Neosphere. Cranfield says, "Nice electronic music. Laid back. Sexy." Jon-Rae Fletcher. Fletcher's music is the best combination of country, Jesus, alcohol, and Kefauver. According to Cranfield, "Many say he's great. Some say he's derivative. Two things that no longer seem to present the same contradiction for this generation of music fans as for the generation before. Folks from The Hive are slyly excited about him. Let the gods decide."

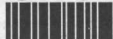
Sparrow: Jason Zumpano's latest project. Cranfield says, "Charming instrumental music. Lots of piano. Promises some violin and cello. No drums. Similar to the incidental music by Mark Mothersbaugh for the Wes Anderson films." If you liked the music for *Bottle Rocket*, *Rushmore*, and *The Royal Tenenbaums*, then Sparrow will appeal.

The Battles: The last band to be confirmed because bassist Scott Morgan was in Europe touring as Kranky recording artist Loscil. Cranfield says, "Local rock act in the tradition of many fine early post punk bands of the early '80s. And, er, Destroyer. Supposed to be a somewhat reined-in performance for the festival. Maybe mostly acoustic." The Battles impressed many at the *Turf Magazine* Birthday show in October and Cranfield thinks they are marked for greatness. *

Beautiful Music is happening February 13-15 at The Sugar Refinery, 1115 Granville Street. Doors at 9:00pm, show at 9:30. Tickets are \$7 at the door. Email - bradycran@hotmail.com for more information.



charts



what's being played at CiTR 101.9fm



february Long Vinyl

1 hives	main offender	big wheel
2 tim hecker	haunt me	subtracif
3 mr. t experience	and the women who...	lookout!
4 stereo total	musique automatique	bobsled
5 ana bon bon	sister	independent
6 cornelius	point	matador
7 sam shalabi	on hashish	alien8
8 cleats	lost voice, broken strings	independent
9 de la soul	aoi: bionix	tommyboy
10 pop shove its	the pop shove its	independent
11 los straitjackets	sing along with	cavalcade
12 just barleys	s/t	independent
13 vermont	calling albany	kindercore
14 felix da housecat	kittenz and thee glitz	emperor norton
15 trail vs. russia	the anvil	one gold ruble
16 karp	action chemistry	punk in my vitamins?
17 princess superstar	is	rapster
18 june	cold from the outside	independent
19 set fire to flames	sings reigns rebuilder	alien8
20 einsturzenende neubauten	strategies against architecture	mute
21 chemical brothers	come with us	astralwerks
22 dears	orchestral pop noir...	shipbuilding
23 real mckenzie	loch'd and loaded	independent
24 buttless chaps	death scenes I II III	independent
25 operation makeout	first base	mint
26 subb	ultimate highstep to hell	stomp
27 silver mt. zion	born into trouble...	constellation
28 le tigre	feminist sweepstakes	mr. lady
29 langley schools...	innocence and despair	bar none
30 sticky rice	take out	bobby dazzler

february Short Vinyl

1 the cleats	save yourself	longshot
2 tijuana bibles	mexican courage	trophy
3 victims family	calling dr...	alt. tentacles
4 red hot lovers	s/t	redline
5 butchies	where r we	mr. lady
6 new town animals	lose that girl	mint
7 riff randalls	how 'bout romance	lipstick
8 the evaporators	hank the horn	mint
9 the lollies	channel heaven	evil world
10 the stereo/ultimate	fakebook	split
11 the locust	s/t	gsl
12 psychoplasmz	am i deranged?	insidious urban
13 matt pond	this is not	polyvinyl
14 megabrats	ode to minter	pool or pond
15 the braille drivers	20 class a...	hey frankie
16 marmoset/lirtips	s/t	animal world
17 eleni mandell	turn on...	heart of a champion
18 bright eyes	motion sickness	blood of the young
19 the class assassins	no justice...	insurgence
20 destroyer	the music lovers	sub pop

february Indie Home Jobs

1 three inches of blood	tonight we rejoice
2 the epoxies	need more time
3 the organ	we've got to meet
4 tennessee twin	these thoughts are occupied
5 red hot lovers	fuck or fight
6 this spinoffs	novelty garb
7 panurge	listen to your own
8 bestest	willfor
9 sharp teeth	burn return
10 mr. solid	already gone
11 second narrows	live off the floor
12 byronic heroes	ant dance
13 human hi-lite reel	lamb-a-rama
14 softcore	you won
15 the hoodwinks	alibis
16 your funeral	girl guide cookies
17 hummer	latest thing
18 six block radius	kill to hide
19 the radio	la dolce vita
20 sylo	red eye

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (ie, "February" charts reflect airplay over January). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unix.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts." •



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He says "Advertise with DiSCORDER!"
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on the dial

your guide to CTR 101.9fm



SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Easy open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM Real cowhit-caught-in-her-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.). '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA 8:00-10:00PM

RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhaajans, and also Quawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:00AM

Sinically Hip Hop—Sneaky Underground—Sneaky Vinyl. With your hosts Mr. Rumble on the 1 & 2's.

TRANSCENDANCE 12:00-1:00PM

2:00AM Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host, DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical. <transcendance@hotmail.com>

BBC WORLD SERVICE 2:00-6:00AM

MONDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brownsters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight!

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW alt. 11:00-1:00PM

GIRLFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM

PARTS UNKNOWN 1:00-3:00PM Underground pop for the minutes with the occasional interview with your host Chris.

STAND AND BE CUNTED 3:00-4:00PM

DJ Hancut wants you to put your fist to the wrist—you know where!

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS 4:00-5:00PM A chance for new CTR DJs to flex their musical muscle. Surprises galore.

WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-6:00PM Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the TBirds.

EVIL VS. GOOD alt. 6:00-7:30PM Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.

REEL TO REEL alt. 6:00-6:30PM Movie reviews and criticism.

MY ASS alt. 6:30-7:30PM Phelps, Albin, n' me.

WIGFLUX RADIO 7:30-9:00PM

Since we can't go into advertising, we thought we'd go into radio. Our blurb sub, but our show don't. Tune into Wigflux Radio with your hosts Vyb and

Krystabelle.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker. Features at 11:

Feb. 11: Escapade, a fine and very recent album by an overlooked reed master, alto saxophonist and flutist James Spaulding.

Feb. 11: "Not For Nuthin'", the latest by the best working jazz group today, bass master and bandleader Dave Holland and his quintet.

Feb. 18: Pepper Adams Plays Charles Mingus. Recorded in the '60s under Mingus' supervision, the late baritone sax great leads an all-star quintet and octet through Mingusland.

Feb. 25: An extended jazz feature beginning at 10:45, a full performance of composer/saxophonist Bob Belden's award-winning orchestral masterpiece "Black Dahlia".

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-6:30AM

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM

Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.

WORLD HEAT 8:00-9:30AM

An old punk rock heat considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Darylan, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you presents music of worlds near and far. Dealer that is Rock and Roll! Dealer that is the most dangerous criminal! <bornisixnine@hotmail.com>

BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schlamp to, hosted by Cream.

ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

PARTICLE 1:00-2:00PM Incorporated into the soul are

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

6AM	Rg	BBC WORLD SERVICE	PACIFIC PICKIN'	Rb	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	7
7	REGGAE UNKUP	BBC WORLD SERVICE	WORLD HEAT	Wb	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CAUGHT IN THE RED	8
8								
9		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	THIRD TIME THE CHARM	Rr	FOOL'S PARADISE	PLANET LOVERTON	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	9
10	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC			Rr/Po	THE NORTHERN WISH	CANADIAN LUNCH	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	10
11			BLUE MONDAY	Gt	ANOIZE		LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	11
12PM	ROCKERS SHOW	PARTS UNKNOWN	PARTICLE	Dc	THE SHAKE	STEVE & MIKE	POWERCHORD	12PM
1			CPR	Dc/Tk	RADIO FREE PRESS	THE ONKAWATOPIA SHOW	CODE BLUE	1
2			10,000 VOICES (Tk)		MOTORDADDY	RHYMES & REASONS		2
3	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	STAND AND BE CUNTED (Cf)	ELECTRIC AVENUES (Ec)	LA BOMBA (Wb)				3
4		ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS	MEAT EATING VEGAN (Ec)					4
5	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sp)			RACHEL'S SONG	LEGALLY HIP (Tk)	CTR NEWS (Tk)	5
6	SAINT TROPEZ	EVIL VS. GOOD	REEL TO REEL (Tk)	MY ASS (Ec)	POP GOS THE WEASEL	OUT FOR KICKS	FAREASTSIDE SOUNDS	6
7	QUEER FM				AND SOMETHING WHY	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	7
8		WIGFLUX RADIO	SALARIO MINIMO	Wb	REPLICA REJECT	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL	HOME BASS	8
9	RHYTHMSINDIA	THE JAZZ SHOW	VENUS FLYTRAP	Ec	SOUL SONIC WANDERLUST	HIGHBRED VOICES	BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD	9
10	THE SHOW				STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR			10
11								11
12AM	TRANSCENDANCE	VENGEANCE IS MINE!			HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS	BBC WORLD SERVICE	12AM
1								1
2	BBC WORLD SERVICE	PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES						2
3								3
4								4
5								5
6								6

Cf= conscious and funky • Ch= children's • Dc= dance/electronic • Ec= eclectic • Gt= goth/industrial • Hc= hardcore • Hh= hip hop
Hk= Hans Kloss • K= Kids • Jz= jazz • Lm= live music • Lo= lounge • M= metal • N= noise • Nw= Nardwar • Po= pop • Pu= punk
Re= reggae • R= rock • Rts= roots • Sk= ska • So= soul • Sp= sports • Tk= talk • Wb= world

the remnants of digital sound. Unleashed, cryptic economies accelerate the sound particles through states of becoming, breaking the flesh, whirling, hydro-head, rhizomatic sky. www.shumitube.com

CPR 2:00-3:30PM
buh bunno, buh bunno... this is the sound your heart makes when you listen to science talk and techno. buh bunno...

LA BOMBA (first three Tuesdays) 3:30-4:30PM
ELECTRIC AVENUES 3:30-4:30PM Last Tuesday of every month, hosted by The Richmond Society For Community Living. A variety music and spoken word program with a special focus on people with special needs and disabilities.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:30-5:00PM
10,000 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Up the punx, down the snarl. Keepin' it real since 1989. yo. <http://flexyourhead.vancouverhardcore.com/>

SALARIO MINIMO 8:00-10:00PM

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM loveand@hotmail.com

SOULSONIC WANDERLUST alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Phot platter, slim chatter.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something something different. Hosted by Di Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem! suburbanjungle@channel88.com

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

THE NORTHERN WISH 10:00AM-12:00PM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.

ANOIZE 12:00-1:00PM Like Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM

RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Live live the zine show!

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM Cat, sheep, ride, listen to Motordaddy repeat.

RACHEL'S SONGS 5:00-6:30PM Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music too. <http://www.necessaryvoices.org>

Feb. 6: Naomi Chomsky "New War On Terrorism" Part 1
Feb. 13: Naomi Chomsky "New

War On Terrorism" Part 2
Feb. 20: A show on Björk
Feb. 27: Ethics and Genetics
POP GOES THE WEASEL 6:30-7:30PM
AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM

(First Wednesday of every month)
REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM Indie, new wave, punk, noise, and other.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM Roots music for folkies and non-folkies. Bluegrass, singersongwriters, worldbeat, alt. country and more. Not a mirage! folkcoast@canada.com

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM

Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungro! "Clakki de phutay."

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:00AM

THURSDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON 10:00-11:30AM Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder, Robert Robot

drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkandrop.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM Comic comic. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00-6:00PM Viva la Motorbitch! DJ Helmet Hair and Chairbreaker. Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! <http://www.suburbanjungle.com/dmop/cnlio>

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM

No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM The best in roots rock, 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappy-attired host Gary Olsen. crispup55@aol.com

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11.

HIGHBRED VOICES 11:00PM-1:00AM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone guest! Live! Harsh with some DJ's and performers. <http://plutonia.org>

FRIDAYS

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Travelling the trash

heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM Email requests to cjska_1@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM Top notch crate diggers DJ Art Shock and Promo mix the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 2:00-3:30PM

NARDUAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM

CITR NEWS AND ARTS 5:00-6:00PM

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

SATURDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 2:00-8:00AM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8-9AM. African/World roots. 9AM-12PM. Celtic music and performances.

SOULSISTAR RADIO 12:00-1:00PM

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rathehead, Dwin, and Metal Ram do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00-6:00PM

UBC THUNDERBIRD SPORTS 6:00-8:00PM Tune in for ongoing coverage of T-Bird events. Check citr.ca for details.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH 8:00-10:00PM

SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

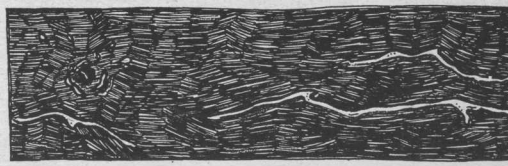
PIPEDREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM

THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM "noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock n' roll jungle madness/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free do jazz..." Out. -Guy Smiley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-9:00AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

Kick around february 2002
Scott Malin



CITR IS ON THE WEB AT WWW.CITR.CA
LISTEN ONLINE 24 HOURS A DAY!!!

datebook

what's happening in February



SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE.
FOR THE MARCH ISSUE,
THE DEADLINE IS FEBRUARY 26.
FAX LISTINGS IN TO 604.822.9364 OR EMAIL
<DISCORDE@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

FRI 1

flock of seagulls, platinum blonde ll@commodore; hari dono@western front; ford pier@main; gabbah, kanda-har@ridge; mr. underhill, darkest of the hillside thick-ets, iv momas@pic pub; smell-o-vision@blinding light!!

SAT 2

quartetto gelato@chan centre; brooklyn sax quar-tet@western front; dirtmints, honeysuckle serentina, robo-sexuals@pic pub; hot hot heat, red light sting, three inches of blood, and films@blinding light!!; graham brown and the prairie dogs@main; gabbah, kanda-har@ridge; vancouver's shame, mr. plow, frygirl, johny nizzle, man o' death@cobalt; junior sanchez@well bar

SUN 3

robin carrigan and scott smith@main; gabbah, kanda-har@ridge

MON 4

suzanne vega@richard's on richards; bully, waking life@ridge; canucks vs. coyotes@gm place

TUES 5

exile on main street w/amy honey@main; dickin' around@blinding light!!; bully, waking life@ridge

WED 6

be good tanyas@richard's on richards; time flies@west-ern front; landscape suicide, alone, life wastes and hardy@blinding light!!; himalaya, chunhyang@ridge

THURS 7

the new deal@sonar; cunt@railway club; crowned king, complete, tim@pic pub; brady cranfield (ambient)@western front; kevin kane w/mac ponti-ac@main; time flies@western front; landscape suicide, alone, life wastes and hardy@blinding light!!; himalaya, chunhyang@ridge; smut punding sam, mr. plow, human hi-lite reel@ms. t's cabaret

FRI 8

vue, hot hot heat, 31 knots@pic pub; eugene ripper, buttless chaps@railway club; parlour steps@main; time flies@western front; the daddy of rock 'n' roll@blinding light!!; down from the mountain@ridge; canucks vs. flames (calgary)

SAT 9

CITR PRESENTS A RECORD RELEASE PARTY: TRAIL VS. RUSSIA, METIC, VERMILLION@MS. T'S CABARET; safety scissors, sutekh, loscil@video in; immortal lee county killers, hi test@pic pub; matt st. marie@sonar; the k collective@main; time flies@west-ern front; dj qbert@commodore; the daddy of rock 'n' roll@blinding light!!; down from the mountain@ridge; flames vs. canucks@gm place; beulah, john vander-

slice, long winters@crococile (seattle)

SUN 10

willy krueger@main; bluesprint@richard's on richards; the daddy of rock 'n' roll@blinding light!!; down from the mountain@ridge; no luck club@w.i.s.e. hall

MON 11

zombies and cyborgs@western front; t. paul ste. marie presents coss king, johnny wisdom, noelle pion, and noah walker@main; great big sea@richard's on richards; the big lebowski, the man who wasn't there@ridge

TUES 12

doug cox, todd butler, sketchy@railway club; lo-fi/sci-fi@blinding light!!; the big lebowski, the man who wasn't there@ridge; canucks vs. bruins@gm place; gwar, goatwhore, god forbid@showbox (seattle)

WED 13

microphones, jerk with a bomb, p:ano, dream on drea-ry@ms. t's cabaret; let's make a monster@western front; loudon wainwright ll@richard's on richards; sonically induced@railway club; lo-fi/sci-fi@blinding light!!; time regained, the taste of others@ridge; beautiful music: soolah, sherry ostapovich, the birthday machine, please car@sugar refinery; agnostic front, casualties@graceland (seattle); indigo girls@crococile (seattle)

THURS 14

sweaters, siobhan duvall@pic pub; kevin kane@main; freaky flow and mc flipside@richard's on richards; fish-bone@commodore; croon tunes@railway club; eon play live to microcosmos@blinding light!!; time regained, the taste of others@ridge; heart attack@sonar; beautiful music: joshua stevenson, burquillam plaza, rodney gra-ham, parks and rec@sugar refinery; the ruby doe, bronze, bearskin rugburn, new mexicans@crococile (seattle)

FRI 15

data, samwirth, and van der schyff@st. james commu-nity square; silvia kolbowski exhibition opening@west-ern front; coal@main; town pants@railway club; the burning man weekend@blinding light!!; beautiful music: micro nice, jon-rae fletcher, sparrow, the battles@sugar refinery

SAT 16

slayer@commodore; felchers, last of the v8s, splatter pat-tern@pic pub; moving ideas@roundhouse community centre; town pants@railway club; the burning man week-end@blinding light!!; phantom 309, seamonkeys@cam-brian hall; satina saturnina, evil steel, the three bitches, lava@ms. t's cabaret

SUN 17

slayer@commodore; giles gysel@main; fudge hair and

fashion show@richard's on richards; the burning man weekend@blinding light!!

MON 18

CITR PRESENTS VOLTA DO MAR, SAUL DUCK, TRAIL VS. RUSSIA@MS. T'S CABARET; carl cox, dj brian@commodore; r.a.n.c.h. presents@railway club

TUES 19

undertakin' daddies@railway club; beat films@blinding light!!

WED 20

assertion@main; singer not the songwriter@railway club; beat films@blinding light!!

THURS 21

campbell ryga quintet@cellar; filthy rocket@pic pub; bot-tleneck@railways club; byo8@blinding light!!

FRI 22

jack harlan, conrad@main; bottleneck@railway club; the cedar bar@blinding light!!; jon-rae fletcher, jay douillard@ms. t's cabaret; george jones, mustang sally@paramount (seattle)

SAT 23

morgan's heritage, tony rebel@commodore; canned hamm@pic pub; subterrain magazine launch party w/steve dawson and elliot polsky@main; big john bates, spectres, billy bill midnight@railway club; the cedar bar@blinding light!!; damien jurado@crococile (seattle)

SUN 24

karl denson's tiny universe, michael franti with spear-head, blackalicious@commodore; flophouse jr.@main; the cedar bar@blinding light!!

MON 25

grrrls with guitars@railway club

TUES 26

tennessee twin, ewoks@railway club; andy warhol superartist@blinding light!!; st. louis blues vs. canucks@gm place

WED 27

sonically induced night@railway club; andy warhol superartist@blinding light!!

THURS 28

christopher lawrence@sonar; robert wilson@railway club; be my junkie shadow@blinding light!!; dallas stars vs. canucks@gm place; migala, for stars, treasure state@crococile (seattle)

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GREAT ESCAPES

VARIOUS ARTISTS

All Tomorrow's Parties Vol 1.1 CD

Mandatory listening for all indie-rock travel agents looking for cheap fares and quaint accommodations this Spring, as L.A. becomes the destination of choice for those interested in attending *Sonic Youth's* outdoor festival. **All Tomorrow's Parties**. Zulu's has managed to grab a bunch of these preview copies, featuring exclusive tracks from some of the notable players: *Sonic Youth*, *Unwound*, *Stephen Malkmus*, *Stereolab*, *Barle Padé*, *Cat Power*, *Papa M*, *Cannibal Ox*, *Dead C*, *Boredoms*, and a few others!

CD 16.98

FELIX DA HOUSECAT

Kittenz & The Glitz CD/LP

Malk's favorite new listen is this sprawling dance-floor as-shaker that took the last 25 years of Eurotechno to a giant Gatsby party! Chicago DJ **Felix Da Housecat** collaborates with newcomer **Miss Kittenz** in a vain attempt to up the ante on the *Peaches and Gonzales* we talk dirty grooves. Let the chips fall! Vocoders on!

CD 16.98

CAPOZZI PARK The Record Of Capozzi Park CD

That was then. The city was burning, paradoxical. Emotions were mixed. Everything was melting into air. Over-coded signals abounded. Easy answers were unavailable. Galleries were looking to the outside, but outsiders were looking to get in. Rock was fermenting, disoriented. Funk was set for needed renewal, giving life to old clichés. And jazz was willing and able in newfound ways. Most importantly, and even with a certain urgency, the people were ready to dance. As always, popular music continued to be a choice refuge, a focus, a place for experimentation, and a promise of something somehow better. Eclectic, inspired, and daring, **Capozzi Park** embodies this untamed time, forever looking back while moving forward. Catch up with the 20th Century.

CD 12.98



STEPHEN MERRITT Ehan & Charley CD

A little point I hope they build a shrine or erect a statue to commemorate the genius of **Stephen Merritt**. *69 Love Songs* is more than enough to justify a large and winding parade through the streets of New York. Or maybe every restaurant could offer a special **Merritt** sandwich that comes with a complimentary huge dessert. Whatever decision is made in the future, it is certain that such celebration is well due. Who else has his capable breadth, attention to craft, and amazing high-quality productivity? It goes without saying that soundtrack work also becomes him. Indeed, this forum embraces his confident and inventive eclecticism, from pop songs, sad ballads, to odd atmospheres. I wonder if the movie's good?

CD 16.98

CORNELIUS Point CD/LP

A distiller of eccentric harmonies, **Cornelius** is doing more than simply deconstructing the 1960's folk weirdo pop history. Yes, we dare say that his craft approaches more than just the an vague audio-conceptualism characterized by calculated references to *Dylan*, *Gram Parsons* and *Brian Wilson*. Indeed, the gorgeous harmonies are there, the subtle chord changes, and the post-baroque orchestration, but **Cornelius'** versatility offers more atmosphere, mood, and true oddball charm. Picking up on the scope of his North-American debut *Fantasma*, this 11 song full-length is dizzying—further solidifying **Cornelius** as more than just the head "Bathing Ap" designer. Get the Point???

CD 19.98 LP 19.98

NEIL HALSTEAD

Sleeping on Roads CD

Waking up woozy and attuned with a terrible red wine hangover, you make your way to the potty to see what's in the bottom. A spoon-like frost coats the windows, sealing in the fragile silence and serene beauty of your first, minus the usual housemates. While two eggs peack in an inch and a half of vinegar infused water, you decide to give yourself to the only love in your ascetic existence—your Martin Double O. Little do you know that these simple pluckings that aesthetically land somewhere between *Neil Young* and *Nick Drake* will be the foundation of the solo debut that will save your life. A wonderful listen from this member of *Mojave 3*.

CD 16.98



THE SUNSHINE FIX Age Of The Sun CD/LP

A friend returned recently from a year of travels, during which time he spent a while in Athens, Greece. He noted that down there the popularity of "the weed" rivaled even Vancouver's own well-reputed fondness. I'll bet **Bill Doss**—Athens resident, *Sunshine Fix* main-man and ex of *Olivia Tremor Control*—likes "the weed". I'll bet he also likes *Buffalo Springfield*, *The Beatles* and *The Byrds*—heck, he even looks like **Roger McGuinn** with his buckskin coat and rose-tinted glasses. Eschewing the more oddball aspects of his former band's output, **Age Of The Sun** is pure, sugary, goodtime pop—the feel-good hit of summer 2002, six months early. Whether you like "the weed" or not, you can't argue with that.

CD 16.98 LP 16.98

ELECTRELANE Rock It To The Moon CD

There's this great band in London called *Speed of Sound*, which features members of *Heavenly* and *The Headcases*. Their mixture rasping of electric organ squalls and twangy guitar peels is an aural treat that most Vancouverites will probably never get to experience. Take solace in the fact that the Mr. Lady ball has picked up an LP by another British band who have basically the same sound. That's basically the same, because **Brighton's** much-loved *Electrelane*, take 985's "soundtrack lo-fi" style to a level of strung-out intensity which is entirely their own. So impressive is *Rock It To The Moon* that every play we give it on the spiffy new Zulu PA yields a veritable flurry of enquiries and/or purchases. Watch them take off.

CD 19.98

PLAN YOUR ROUTE WITH THESE:

NEIL HAGERTY Plays *That Good CD* in exile ex-Royal Tux Krugin settles the score.
DJ LOGIC *The Annomaly* CD Just opened for **Amon Tobin**, a nice full length!
CHUCK E. WEISS Old Souls & Wolf Tickets CD A star in the universe of **Dennis Hopper**, **Lightnin' Hopkins** and **Tom Waits** of course!
VIOLET INDIANA Casino CD A post-Cocoteau Twins outing!!
MOUSE ON MARS Agit Agit It's CD! Witness the rebirth of their pure alienation styles.
FISCHERSPOONER #1 CD/LP The future of pop is here.
MISS KITTEN and **THE HACKER** First Record CD/LP Controversial electro-beats.

FROG EYES

The Bloody Hand CD

Meet **Victoria's Carey Mercer**—intelligent, articulate, laughingly polite and well-mannered. A true gentleman...until he takes the stage that is, whereupon a transformation occurs. In his stead stands a howling lunatic, channeling generations of demure through his reverb-drenched microphone and staccato guitar chords, backed by the carnivalesque cacophony of his band, the inimitable **Frog Eyes**. Some of you may be familiar with **Mr. Mercer's** previous outfit, **Blue Pine**, whose self-titled debut is one of the finest local releases to grace our shelves in recent years. The sound is similar, but the scope has expanded with the addition of keyboards and more expert use of recording technique. The result is a never less than compelling listen, alternately sweet and savage like the man himself. With *The Bloody Hand*, **Frog Eyes** have managed to produce a cohesive whole without sacrificing the fire and brimstone intensity of their live performances, a rare feat indeed.

CD 12.98

TOSCA

Different Tastes of Honey CD/4LP

After the huge success of the *Sunkat* album, **Tosca** returns with an afterburner—the already traditional collection of mixes. This time, the choice cut is "Honey," a tune that rocked radio, clubs and HIFI sets alike. Focusing on this one song, an all-star team of remixers offers an all-new variety of moods: **Markus Klein** from the *Safa Surfers* with an heavy bass & beat mix, **Massi**, **Shelter **AY** and **Kzais** from *Nylon Records* with impressive Downtempo work, and **The Funky Lowlives** (Faze Action) with a posity groove & percussion driven version. They have **Faze Action** (Nuphonic), **Glyn Bush** (Rockers HFI), **Supatone** (from Paul's Boutique with a wonderful deep rooted Jamaican vibe), **Andy Spence** (Tommy Touch), **Klaus Vetter**, and last but not least, **Frederick Satellite**, who rounded up this package with subtle sounds that flow sweet as Honey! Available February 12th**

CD 19.98 4LP 36.98

AZURE RAY November CDLP A fine dreamy Mazzy Starz style listen.

FILA BRAZILIA Jump Leads CD Rerelease beats, avant-garde soul, stolen voices, jazz ticks, DJ kicks and heavy, heavy bass!

SKANFORM Hand-picked Fragments CD A lush sound-collage!

VINCENT GALLO So Sad CDLP12! Further fan worship material.

MONSTER MOVIE Last Night Something Happened CD A new release to Air and Yo La Tengo from other members of *Sleazewild*!

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Just back from a European tour, **Scott Morgan** aka **Loscil** brings his laptop by for a demonstration of his *Triple Point* thermodynamics



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